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TWO SHILLINGS.

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UNCONVENTIONAL "SNAPSHOTTING" OF THE KING AND QUEEN BY DOMINION SOLDIERS: AN INCIDENT AT THE ROYAL PAVILION DURING A HALT IN THE VICTORY MARCH.

The sublime *insouciance* of the Australian soldier, and the happy tact of the King and Queen when confronted with an unconventional situation, were alike shown in an incident that took place at the Royal Pavilion during a halt in the Victory march. An Overseas man with a camera came out from the crowd, and walking up in front of the royal

group, saluted their Majesties, and proceeded to photograph them, while they smilingly remained still to enable him to do so. Taking courage from his example, thirty or forty more amateur soldier-photographers, one of them in hospital blue, came forward and "snapped" their Majesties, whose gracious acquiescence was highly appreciated.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH SIMPSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)

THE LESSONS OF THE PAGEANT.

By E. B. OSBORN.

IN ancient times men felt that a military triumph was more joyous and crowd-compelling for some visible display of the anguish of the defeated city or country. Rome, though not ungenerous to a conquered people, was ruthless in her treatment of its leaders. Thus the *clou*, the culminating episode, of a Roman triumph came when her victorious legionaries began the ascent to the far-gleaming Capitol—and the captive generals, who were in chains and driven on by the scourges of the lictors, were led down to execution in the penal abyss of the Tullianum among the sewers of the city. This was done at the moment of highest exultation for the victors might coincide with that of the deepest humiliation for the vanquished. And who can doubt that Germany, had she been victorious in the war and able to impose her will on the Allies, would have introduced the *vae victis* motive into the triumphal progresses of the various war-lords through the clamorous defiles of Berlin's streets, hung for the occasion with Imperial purple? Foch, who knows the psychology of the Prussians better than they know it themselves, has no doubts whatsoever on the subject: France and England, he feels sure, would not have dared to look each other in the face after the crowning acts of humiliation devised for them and their military leaders. And Germany, we may be certain, would have proved to her own satisfaction that this barbarous vindictiveness was really a form of Christian clemency, finding justification for it in the theory of the medieval theologian that the joy of the blest in Heaven was enhanced—spiced, as it were—by glimpses of the flaming misery of the damned in Hell.

Not since the Wars of the Roses has there been any such note of vindictiveness in the set rejoicings of Englishmen over victory. In celebrating victories over France, formerly our "sweet enemy" and now the nearest and dearest of our Allies, we were always capable of magnanimity. After Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, we did not forget, in our treatment of high-souled prisoners of war, that courtesy is ever the better part of clemency. We did perhaps forget it in the case of Napoleon—the arch-master of strategy whose genius, rekindled in the mind of Foch as on an altar, burned up so brilliantly in the last year of the war. But the pageantry with which we celebrated, prematurely in 1814 and finally in 1815, the downfall, not of France, but of a Corsican tyranny, expressed no un-English desire to "humiliate the enemy in his innermost consciousness" (to use a phrase perpetually recurring in German discourses on the text of *Gott strafe England!*) . . . We rejoiced not so much because we had won the War as because we had won the Peace.

Yes, it was the winning of the Peace which we celebrated last Saturday. The march through London was essentially a national thanksgiving. But it held lessons, old and new, which will never be forgotten by those who saw it with understanding eyes. War, the procession taught us, now involves the disciplined exercise of every individual gift that a whole world of nations can furnish forth. It is no longer a vocation apart; it is everybody's business from first to last. So vast is the cost of victory, then, in spiritual and material terms that no price can be too high to pay for avoiding the necessity of war. Shall we then, following the advice of those who prepared Armageddon for us under pretence of arranging the Millennium, take the slightest risk in defending our right to remain ourselves? In that "then" write a "never," and for God's sake let us not abandon the old sure maxims of statesmanship (such as Rome's "*Si vis pacem, para bellum*") in order to rely upon the experimental shibboleths of picturesque sentimentalists. Another world-war seems to us an unthinkable folly to-day. But history teaches us that great war eras have inevitably recurred at intervals of forty or fifty years—when the last eye-witnesses of the horrors of the last visitation had passed away. War, I fear, is as deeply rooted in the nature of mankind as Love itself; so that we must not lightly cast away what truth there may be in the Kipling-esque couplet—

Two things greater than all things are—
One is Love, and the other is War.

Indeed, a proof of this fell truth is found in the fact that the very men who are most anxious to convince us that war between races can be stopped are striving to blow the scattered embers of war between classes into a world-wide conflagration. Thucydides tells us how, on the eve of the deadly struggle between Athens and Sparta, which involved the whole of the then civilised world, every living Greek stood on tiptoe

in expectation, wondering what such a war would be like. That was fifty years after the Persian War, the last visitation of the kind. Let us take heed that posterity (which pays our debts) does not fall into the horrible death-trap in which our easy-going world was caught.

This was the first of history's hard lessons which was brought home to me as I stood behind the seats for disabled soldiers on the north side of the Queen Victoria Memorial and watched the King taking the salute as the muted pomp of modern war went by to the sound of rising-falling cheers. It is the hardest lesson of all at a moment when Peace is born anew—but let us have courage to con it! Never had Clío, mankind's remembrancer, a more impressive lecture-hall. Looking through the colonnade of white trellis pillars, each bearing a sheaf of flags and a final of gold, across the trim green sward, I saw the gleaming marble and glancing bronze of the Memorial as the crucial episode of the whole composition. On the steps of the Memorial was the green-and-gold Pavilion, culminating in a gilt crown with the royal cipher, where the King took the salute. In the background was the steep, sombre front of the Palace, decked with flags and purple hangings, and on either side were dark masses of mid-July foliage. Beyond the trees to the south arose the tower of Westminster Cathedral—the fixed forefinger of an elder faith, which pointed heavenward and bade me read the eternal message in ephemeral things. The colour-scheme of the picture was delicately alluring; the eye followed the broken, yet persistent, curve of dusky blue made by the uniforms of convalescent fighting men, which was continued on the south side, with quiet pleasure—and was pleasantly startled by the occasional scarlet capes of nurses sitting in the curving stand and the massed geraniums in the little green pleasance.

Then the King arrived, and all the soldiers present and many of the civilians stood to attention as the Guards' Band played the National Anthem. Soon the cheering ran like a flame up the Mall, and General Pershing, a noble horseman, gave the first salute. He was followed by the American composite regiment, fine, grim-looking young men in shrapnel helmets, who carried with them a veritable forest of great flags. What a noble gesture it was when "Old Glory" bowed to the successor of the Sovereign whose Ministers had forced the men of the Thirteen Colonies into rebellion so much against their wills! Who would have dreamed of such a thing five years ago? As our honoured guests went by, a new hope of universal comradeship glowed in my mind. If war had made this fraternity between such various types of mankind, why should Peace mar it? Could we not keep the great alliance in being for a war against the blind brute forces of Nature and the other evils, engendered by his own folly, which make Man wretched and wicked? So the tall young Americans went by, with the grave, intent faces that so often seem to have a touch of Algonkin austerity; the little, dark-visaged Belgians in khaki overcoats, marching with the lilt of a folk-song played on the Mechlin carillon; the mysterious, unemotional riders of China; the gay, smiling Czech-Slovaks, a new-born nation, in light-blue with dark-blue caps. And then France, headed by Foch—is it nations or great men who make world-history?

Thrice that question asked itself that afternoon. First of all, when we greeted the French Marshal, the student and professor and philosopher of war, who cleared away the Clausewitzian glosses from the art of strategy, and, practising as he preached, proved himself a past-master of the Napoleonic battle! Secondly, when we acclaimed Beatty, we asked the same question, feeling sure—as all who served under him have been—that he would have shown himself a second Nelson, if opportunity had been matched with personality. Destiny denied him a Trafalgar Day, and we are the richer for it in surviving seamen that have no equal on the seas. And, lastly, we asked the question which no historian has ever answered when Haig rode by, Foch's most loyal comrade and coadjutor, and a true soldiers' General after the pattern of Wellington, or—to seek a more remote century—the fifth Henry, whose victory at Agincourt seemed a sheer miracle to friend-and foe alike. I was strangely reminded of the pageant of victory after Agincourt in November 1415, when the "i Pigeon Loft" mentioned on page 9 of the official programme passed by, and some of the winged messengers were allowed to flutter out in the King's presence. For one of the happy thoughts of the merchants of London who devised the Agincourt

victory pageant was to release birds as a sort of twittering aerial confetti when Henry V. rode past, silent and aloof, and pondering incommunicable things and taking nothing of the acclamations to himself.

The blue-clad French *poilus* with their tattered tricolours, the darker blue of the matelots and the splashed red of the Zouaves went by—these were the heirs of the Roman legionaries. So also passed the slate-grey Italians, darker than the others because nearer to the Southern sun, who bore tattered green standards with shell-rents and bullet-tears for battle honours. The Greeks, in green khaki, had preceded them, for precedence was according to alphabetical order. The little imperturbable Japanese in khaki touched with red; the Poles, in light-blue touched with white; the grey Portuguese, our oldest Allies; the Roumanians, in blue with khaki trappings; the grim little Serbians, who had a special shout from the crowd for their matchless valiancy; and, last of all, the Siamese in khaki, Orientals who feel dishonour like a cankering wound. There were even more different types in the Imperial contingents that followed of fighters by land and by sea and in the sky. But the hope waxed stronger in my mind that this alliance of all nations and languages may yet live on for the fulfilment of peaceful purposes.

There were times when I saw the march-past as a pageant of innumerable flags, streaming along incessantly, and each having its intimate message. The whole history of earthly warfare was written in these flags, but no living man who saw them pass knows all the meanings of them all. But there is one high truth which every one of them expresses in its own fluttering accents of chiming colours. Every flag is a spiritual thing—it is information of immortality, assuring us that an Army or a regiment, a ship or a Navy, lives on and on even when all its human members of to-day have been slain or have lapsed into the silences of Mother Earth. We honour all the flags that served against the Barbarians and love them, but we love our own best, and must needs say to the friendliest rival nation—

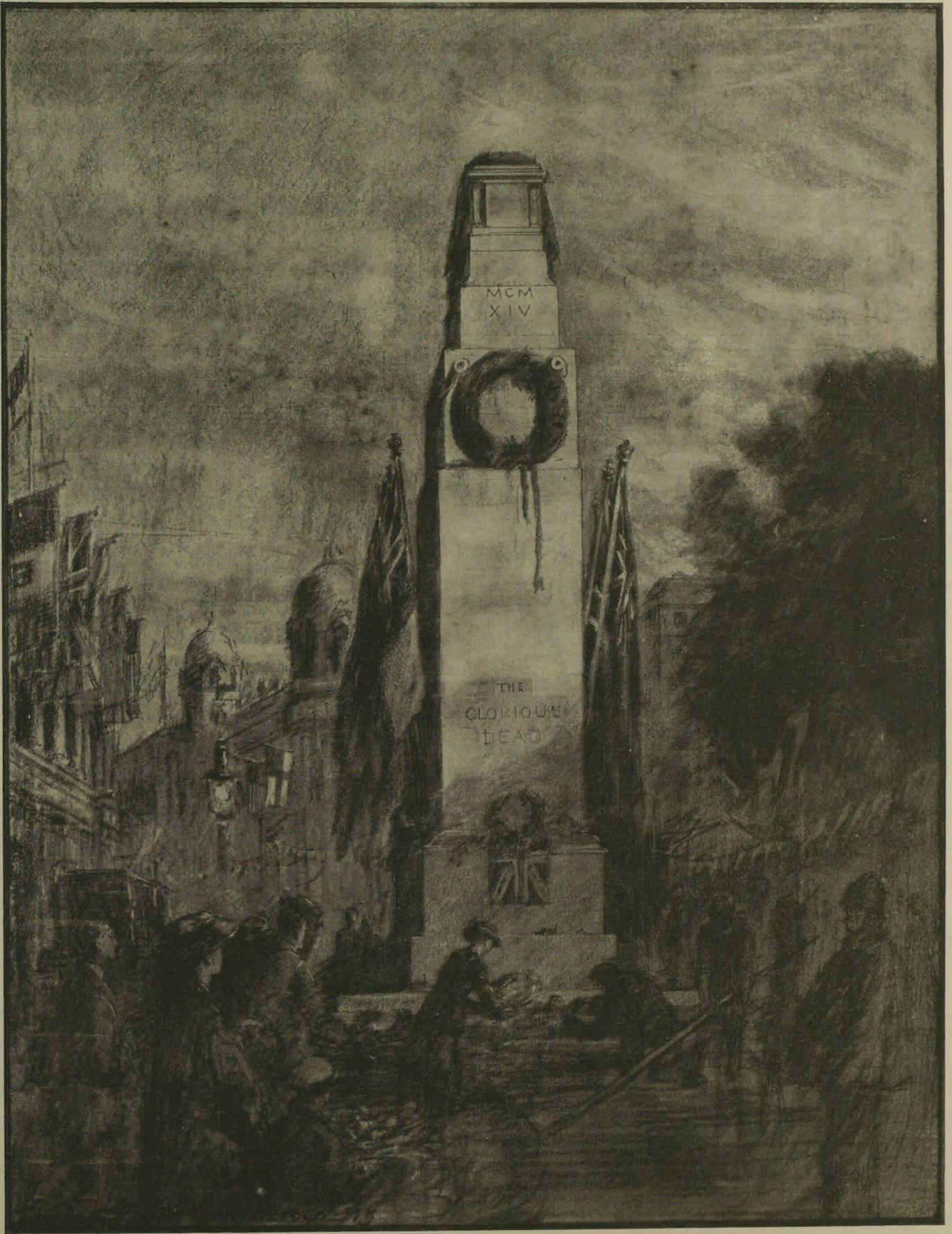
See in the lucid heavens shine
A nearer, dearer Flag than thine,
Which ever to the sunlit airs
In coloured syllables declares:—
Love me, but love me as a star
That moves to influences afar;
As much then shalt thou take of me
As the star's picture in the sea.

But Walt Whitman was the only poet who could ever translate the solemn articulations of a nation's banners into human language. Chiefly these fluttering symbols, perhaps Man's most beautiful invention, help us to keep the valiant dead in our hearts, to bear in mind their services and self-sacrifices. In Whitehall there rises an austere pylon of grey stone, inscribed with the words "The Glorious Dead," which took the conquerors' salute on Saturday. This memorial is of an impressive simplicity; its only decorations are a laurel wreath and the flags under which they fought who died for Britain since the beginning of the war—the White Ensign for the Navy, the Union Jack for the Army, and the Red Ensign for the Merchant Service. Before the arrival of the procession four Grenadier Guardsmen in khaki took up their stand at the four corners of the Memorial, motionless sentries with downcast heads guarding the memory of the dead. When the head of the procession drew near, they came to life, reversing arms with the slow measured movements that are the perfect expression of deep, silent mourning. Then, drooping their heads, they forgot themselves again to stone, once more becoming statues of infinite sorrowfulness. And an unforgettable impression was made when each of the great Commanders paid his homage to the fallen in silent, deep meditation. Marshal Foch's face, as he raised his baton to salute their memory, was set and stern and sad beyond words; it was a face of endless sorrowing struck in living bronze. As he rode on, he was still a martial personification of proud sorrow; it was with a start that he came back to a sense of the present and of the acclamations of the living. To him, and to our Admiral and our own Marshal, to all the fighting men who followed him, the salute to the dead was no mere stately gesture, but heartfelt homage to lost comrades beyond counting.

So the greatest lesson of this Pageant of a Peace so hardly won is that it lays on us, as a sacred duty, the remembrance of the undying dead in all our works and days. They gave their lives that we might enter safely into a more spacious and better age, and if we forget our debt of gratitude there can be no health in us.

TRIBUTES TO "THE GLORIOUS DEAD": THE DAWN OF VICTORY DAY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CHARLES DE GRINEAU.



"AND IN THE MORNING WE WILL REMEMBER THEM": FRIENDS OF "THE GLORIOUS DEAD" LAYING WREATHS AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH IN WHITEHALL IN THE EARLY HOURS OF VICTORY DAY.

One of the most touching scenes of Victory Day took place in the early hours of the dawn, before most Londoners were afoot. A little group of bereaved relatives of loved ones lost in the war gathered at the Cenotaph in Whitehall and laid at its base their tribute to "The Glorious Dead." So their wreaths remained there while the great pageant passed by, silent witnesses to the private grief that underlies all public rejoicings

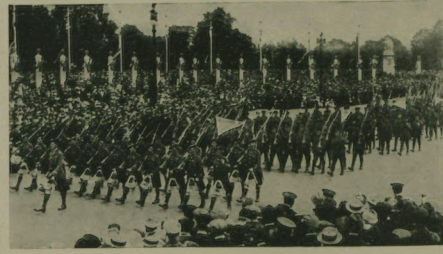
over Victory. That day thousands of marching men of many nations, among them some of the greatest of living warriors, were to salute the memory of their lost comrades. But those offerings made in the silence of dawn were still more eloquent, for they were from those who say in their hearts: "At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BRITAIN'S PART IN THE VICTORY MARCH: REPRESENTATIVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND

OF THE ARMY AND R.A.F.—INCLUDING WOMEN'S CORPS.

GENERAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND L.N.A.

INFANTRY OF THE SOUTHERN COMMAND: THE 3rd ROYAL INNSKILLING FUSILIERS LEADING.INFANTRY OF THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND: THE 1st BLACK WATCH LEADING.

WOMEN IN THE VICTORY MARCH: A NURSING DETACHMENT, WITH MANY DECORATIONS.



IN CAPS OF LINCOLN GREEN: THE CONTINGENT OF THE WOMEN'S FORAGE CORPS.



FOLLOWED BY THE JERSEY DETACHMENT AND THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT WITH ITS BAND: TANKS CROSSING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



MASSD STANDARDS AND COLOURS OF BRITISH OF COLOUR IN THE



ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY IN THE MALL: A HEAVY GUN DRAWN BY "HAIRIES."



LED BY LADY LONDONDERRY: THE CONTINGENT OF THE WOMEN'S LEGION.



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE: REPRESENTATIVE DETACHMENTS, INCLUDING "AIRSHIPS."



WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN, TRENCH-MORTAR, PIGEON-LOFT, AND SEARCHLIGHT: EXHIBITION LORRIES.



CAVALRY AND INFANTRY: A BRILLIANT SPLASH LONG KHAKI LINE.



THE SCOTS GREYS ON THE MARCH: A PICTURESQUE SECTION OF CAVALRY OF THE LINE IN THE GREAT MILITARY PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON.

The Army was fully represented in the great Victory March. After the Generals, led by Sir Douglas Haig, and the massed colours, came sections of Artillery, Cavalry, and Engineers, followed by detachments from a large number of infantry battalions. These were succeeded by various other contingents in the following order: Machine Gun Corps; Tank Corps, with four Tanks; Jersey Detachment; Australian, New Zealand, and South African Contingents, each with a detachment of Nurses; Soudanese; Anglo-South Americans; Labour Corps; Four Exhibition Lorries (with trench-mortar, searchlight, pigeon-loft, and anti-aircraft gun respectively); Royal Army Service Corps (including Horse Transport, Mechanical Transport, and Supply Details);

Women's Legion; Women's Forage Corps; Royal Army Medical Corps; Field Ambulance; Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service and Reserve; Territorial Force Nursing Service; Military Probationers; Almeric Paget Military Massage Corps; Voluntary Aid Detachment; Royal Army Ordnance Corps; Royal Army Veterinary Corps; Royal Army Chaplains' Department; Army Pay Department; Military Police; and Queen Mary's Auxiliary Army Corps. The representatives of the Indian Army who were to have taken part in the march were unfortunately unable to arrive in time. Their absence was much regretted.

BRITAIN'S PART IN THE VICTORY MARCH: THE NAVY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., TOPICAL.

(INCLUDING WOMEN'S SERVICES) AND THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, C.N., AND PHOTOPRESS.



REPRESENTING THE MERCANTILE MARINE IN THE PROCESSION:
HOUSE FLAGS OF SHIPPING COMPANIES.



OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN THE VICTORY MARCH:
THE PROCESSION IN THE MALL.



INCLUDING TWO BLACKS (ON THE LEFT, THE FRONT ROW):
MEN OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE.



THE EVER-POPULAR BRITISH
WITH FIXED
BAYONETS.



"SOLDIER AND SAILOR, TOO":
MARINES ON



SAILOR: BLUEJACKETS MARCHING
BAYONETS.



A DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL
THE MARCH.



MEN WHO REMEMBER GERMANY'S SEA OUTRAGES: MEMBERS OF THE
NATIONAL SAILORS AND FIREMEN'S UNION.



"WRENS," LED BY DAME CATHERINE FURSE: A DETACHMENT OF THE
WOMEN'S ROYAL NAVAL SERVICE.



PICTURESQUE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE:
LASCARS IN THE MALL.

The Navy, as the Senior Service, had pride of place among the British forces in the Victory March. Admiral Beatty walked at the head, preceded by his flag, and followed by a number of flag officers and their staffs who had served in the war, and other Admirals holding high commands. The remainder of the Naval part of the British forces in the procession took the following order: representatives (including Seamen, Stokers, Daymen, and Marines) of H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth" and Battle-Cruiser Squadron, First Battle Squadron, Second Battle Squadron,

Third Battle Squadron, Light Cruisers, Destroyers, Submarines, and Flying Squadron; members of the Royal Fleet Reserve (from the London Fire Brigade); Mine-Sweepers; Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve; Auxiliary Patrol; Anti-Aircraft Corps; Mercantile Marine Reserve; Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service; Women's Royal Naval Service (the "Wrens"), led by Dame Catherine Furse, Director of the W.R.N.S.; Sea Scouts; and Mercantile Marine, including Trinity House Pilots.

AS WITNESSED FROM THE KING'S LONDON HOME: THE SCENE IN THE MALL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE ROOF OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE PROCESSION MARCHING

As we have noted above, this photograph was taken from the roof of Buckingham Palace. Nearest the reader, of course, is that side of the Queen Victoria Memorial which faces the Palace. Behind the Memorial can be seen the back and sides of the Pavilion in which the King stood to take the salute. The procession is shown as it passed through the Admiralty

TO AND PASSING THE SALUTING-POINT AT THE FOOT OF THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

Arch, marched up the Mall to the saluting-point, and then proceeded up Constitution Hill. In the Mall were stands and seats for wounded and demobilized soldiers, Chelsea and Greenwich Pensioners, members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons and others.

THE NAVY IN THE PROCESSION: ON THE MARCH IN WHITEHALL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BALDWIN.



THE NAVAL SECTION OF THE PAGEANT: OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE SECOND BATTLE SQUADRON—DIVIDING TO PASS THE STATUE OF THE LATE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The British Navy—that great force the King has so aptly called Britain's "Sure Shield"—was splendidly represented. The Naval Section of the procession was headed by Admiral of the Fleet Sir David Beatty, who was followed by Flag Officers and their Staffs who served in the war, other than those now Commanding Squadrons of the Atlantic and

Home Fleets. Then came such famous officers as Admiral Sir Charles Madden, Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, Vice-Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Leveson, and Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Oliver; then representatives of the First, Second, and Third Battle Squadrons, Light Cruisers, Destroyers, Submarines, and the Flying Squadron.

THE MOST-ACCLAIMED HEROES: 1914 MEN IN THE MARCH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



"OLD CONTEMPTIBLES": OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 1914 EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

The "Old Contemptibles," officers and men of the original little British Expeditionary Force, who did such wonderful work, not only in the first stage of the war, but afterwards, had a special place in the great pageant, following immediately after Sir Douglas

Haig and the various Commanders. Needless to say, their reception was enthusiastic. As a descriptive writer put it: "They got their due. Can more be said?" Had it not been that his duty lay in Ireland, probably Lord French would have led them.

THE DOMINIONS IN THE GREAT VICTORY MARCH: MEN FROM OVERSEAS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



CANADA'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE MILITARY PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON: THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN THE MALL APPROACHING THE ROYAL PAVILION.



AUSTRALIA'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE VICTORY MARCH: THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT NEAR THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL, WITH THEIR BAND PLAYING.



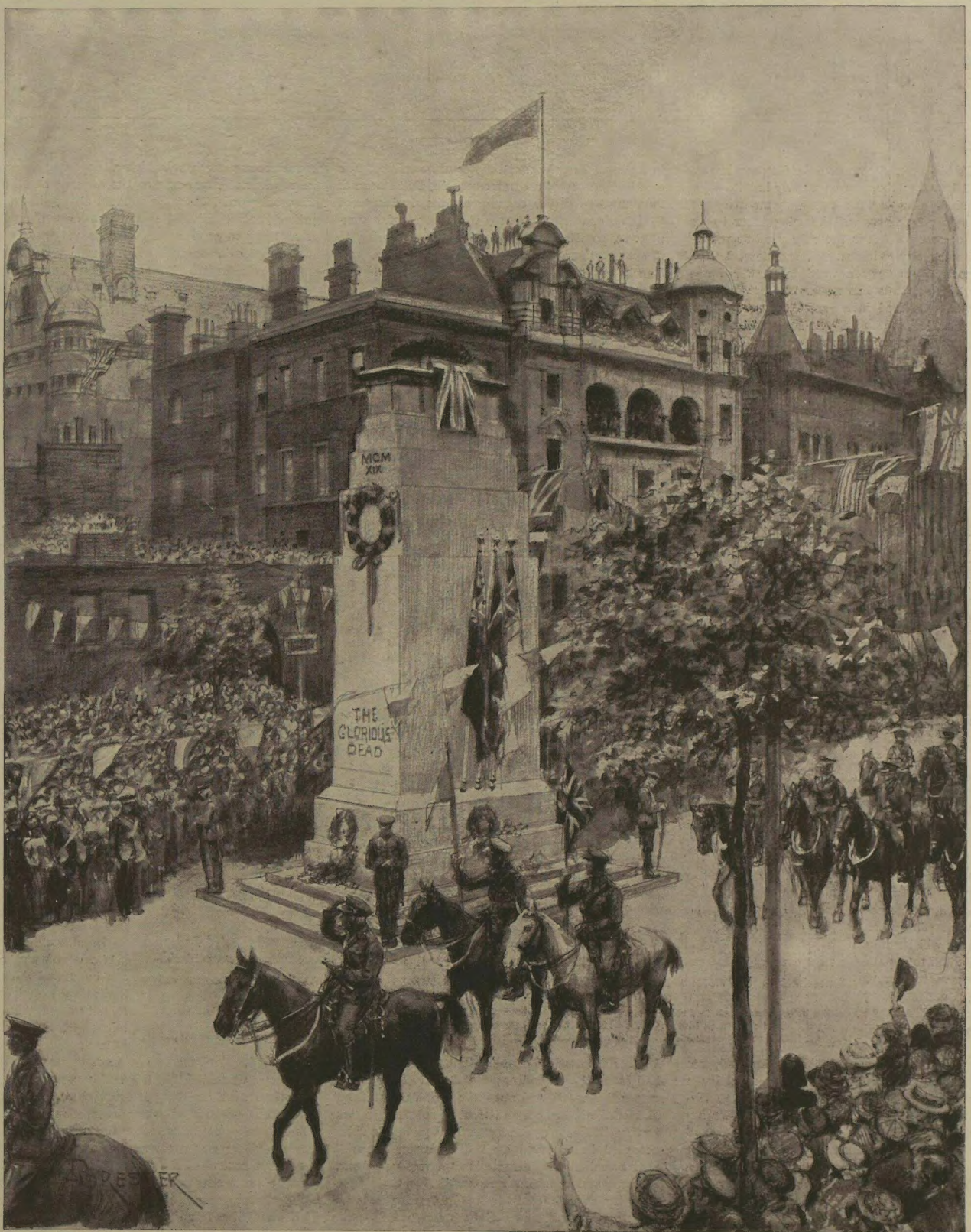
SOUTH AFRICA'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE VICTORY MARCH: THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONTINGENT (INCLUDING SEVERAL KILTED MEN) WITH THEIR DETACHMENT OF NURSES.

The Dominions were represented in the Victory march through London by Contingents of the Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and South African Forces. They were accompanied by detachments of their Nursing Services, and the Australians, who marched first, were preceded by their band. It had been feared that the Canadian Army, owing to its

rapid demobilisation, would not be able to figure in the procession, but fortunately it was found possible, after all, to send a representative body of men to join in the march. Needless to say, all the Overseas troops received the heartiest of welcomes from the crowds all along the route.

"THE GLORIOUS DEAD": SIR DOUGLAS HAIG SALUTING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER.



SYMBOLISING THE TRUE SPIRIT OF THE PEACE CELEBRATIONS: THE CENOTAPH IN WHITEHALL TO "THE GLORIOUS DEAD"—
SIR DOUGLAS HAIG (LEFT FOREGROUND) SALUTING IT AS HE RODE BY.

The mood of rejoicing over the victorious end of such a war as we have gone through was tempered, in thousands of hearts, by the remembrance of the dead whose sacrifice made the victory possible. These thoughts were duly symbolised in the fine cenotaph erected in the middle of Whitehall to commemorate the men and women who died in the service of their country. The monument embodied the true spirit of the occasion. It had been arranged that, as the troops approached it in the procession, they should divide into two columns, and march past at the salute, those on the right with "eyes left," and

those on the left with "eyes right." Owing, however, to a movement of the great crowd, which there was no time to alter, there was no space left on the right of the cenotaph, and the procession passed without dividing. The memorial, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, consisted of a simple pylon 33 ft. high. On either side were arranged groups of flags. Above the three steps of the base was carved: "The Glorious Dead, 1914—1919." At the top of the column was placed an altar containing a brazier. At each corner stood a Guardsman with arms reversed.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I SHOULD never dream of defending my books, well knowing them to be utterly indefensible. But I shall always take every opportunity of defending my opinions, well knowing them to be entirely correct; which is the only possible meaning of having any opinions. If, therefore, I take the opportunity to say a word for some of my historical views, it is but an accident that those views were expressed in a rambling pamphlet of my own, which I was reluctantly persuaded to call a history. In answering this particular critic, who is one of the ablest and most suggestive critics of our time, there is hardly any danger, as it happens, of my reply being referred to literary vanity or irritation. For Mr. Robert Lynd, in his recent and brilliant book of essays, writes in far too generous a fashion about the literary accomplishment, and differs in the main merely with the theoretical aim. And my theoretical aim is a thing I would always justify; it is the only thing about me that I think particularly justifiable. Mr. Lynd expresses a scientific wish to cut me in two; a sentiment familiar to many of my fellow-citizens in tubes and trams. "One half of him I should like to challenge to mortal combat as an enemy of the human race." That half of him has very great pleasure in accepting the challenge, even of Mr. Lynd, a gentleman of much more active and graceful figure. The other half of me will be only too delighted to remain in some remote tavern, writing unconvincing romances and nursery rhymes, to refresh Mr. Lynd after his well-earned triumph. I say that what I justify are convictions and not creations; but I must begin with another distinction which may seem to dissipate this one. I do care quite enough for my convictions to state them rather more exactly and even cautiously than Mr. Lynd supposes. In the case of several remarks of which he complains, as if they were wild exaggerations, it is really only necessary to look again at the remarks themselves, to see that they state their own logical limitations.

Thus I said that "the case for despotism is democratic," which is not at all the same thing, as he almost seems to fancy, as saying that a despotism is always a democracy. It only means that men have trusted a strong central Government not for its own sake, but for the sake of certain good effects on the whole people; and when Mr. Lynd says that those good effects are "not to be found among the facts of history," I can only say that, with my own exceedingly limited historical knowledge, I believe I could bury him in examples. An even clearer example of what I mean can be found

in a phrase I used about the rise of Prussia: "The cannibal theory of a commonwealth, that it can of its nature eat other commonwealths, had entered Christendom." He passes, with a graceful compliment, to the contradiction of this, referring to the aggressions of ancient Greece, Rome, and Israel, and then of Christian Spain, Christian France, and Christian England."

Now, honestly, I had never realised how exact and free of exaggeration my own statement was, until I read Mr. Lynd's criticism of it. I discovered, with considerable surprise, that what I had written was precise to the verge of pedantry; certainly much more precise, in this particular case, than Mr. Lynd's writing, or even Mr. Lynd's reading.

continuous growth, by which a State was decaying if it was not expanding at the expense of others; in other words, that a State must always live upon other States. Finally, I have never denied that something more like this collision of tribes without boundaries may have occurred, though in a much healthier form, before there were any Christian States at all, or outside their influence—in Asia or Africa. Therefore, I wrote, again with almost priggish exactitude, "had entered Christendom," and not "had entered the world." Mr. Lynd pays a most generous tribute to the truth in many of my other statements; but I hope he will allow me also to thank him for having so flatteringly drawn my attention to the complete reliability of the remark which he denies.

If I differ from Mr. Lynd's criticisms about the past, I differ still more from his criticisms about the present. He strikes me as having a very insufficient sense of the modern malady of England; which is surely a regrettable piece of absence of mind, in a gentleman coming from Ireland. Thus, he asserts, as something self-evident, that I can only talk of a governing class if I admit that it has continually grown larger. I admit nothing of the sort; and I affirm the exact contrary. If he had said that the governing class has grown looser, I might agree with him.

In almost any department of power, it can be shown that the limitation has largely remained stationary; but where it has altered, has actually

narrowed. In land it has mostly remained stationary; that is, England is still a country of great landlords. If anything it is a country of greater landlords—that is, of fewer landlords; anyhow, it is certainly not one of more freeholders. In commerce, there was a time when England might be called a nation of shopkeepers, in the sense that many small shops made up the working force of the whole society. It is now a nation of a few big shops. In politics there was a time when considerable decision and discretion belonged to all the Commons in Parliament assembled; when it was worth while to persuade them personally with eloquence or privately with bribes. It was so down to the nineteenth-century Parliaments where the Governments of Palmerston or Gladstone could be overthrown by their own supporters. Power passed from the Parliament to the Government. It narrowed from the Government to the Cabinet. It narrowed from the Cabinet to the War Cabinet. And he tells me, with the intellectual courage of his race, that I shall at least agree that a governing class has grown larger and freer



IN IRELAND ON VICTORY DAY: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD FRENCH TAKING THE SALUTE IN DUBLIN—COMRADES OF THE GREAT WAR MARCHING PAST.

The Victory Day march in Dublin was a great success. The reception of the troops was very friendly, as was that of the six thousand or so demobilised men of Irish regiments. Lord French took the salute at the Bank of Ireland, in College Green. But for this, he would have been in the procession in London. His absence from it was regretted, but understood.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

I never dreamed of denying that Christian nations had committed injustices; that is why I said "the cannibal theory" and not "the cannibal practice." But I take it to be a solid fact of scholarship that in the Middle Ages, for instance, there was a thing accepted in theory by all Christian nations: it may be called "legitimacy"; that various princes, bishops, and republics had a right to their territory by a code common to Europe. The very exaggerations of it were the admissions of it; the later development of the divine right of kings, for instance. It is a fact that Prussia came from outside this fixed framework; and it is a fact that Prussia preached, in theory and not merely in practice, a vision of modern mutability and incessant struggle for life, which denied that there could exist for long any fixed framework. I say "incessant"; and this is the point of another perfectly correct detail in my original description; that the thing is "of its nature" cannibal. Prussia was not, like the Christian States, tempted to do this or that injustice, and cover it with this or that sophistry. Prussia proclaimed a theory of

IN THE GREAT PROCESSION: REPRESENTATIVES OF ALLIED FORCES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND L.N.A.



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: MASSED COLOURS
IN THE MALL.



THE UNITED STATES: STEEL-HELMETED AMERICANS
ON THE MARCH.



SOME OF THE FRENCH TROOPS HEADED BY MARSHAL FOCH: INFANTRY IN THE PROCESSION.



FRANCE: MARINES AND A BAND.



FRANCE: COLONIAL INFANTRY.

The representative troops of the United States Army came first in the procession—the representatives of the Allies marching in alphabetical order, and the United States being A. The officers and men of the Composite Regiment of the American Army of Occupation all wore their steel helmets. The French, headed by Marshal Foch, consisted of

one Company each of Chasseurs-à-Pied, Infantry, Colonial Infantry, and Marines; half-companies of Zouaves, Tirailleurs, and detachments of Sapeurs, Cavalry (on foot), and the Cavalry School, Saumur (mounted). Some of the last-named recently gave a display of their brilliant riding in the Tournament at Olympia.

THE GREAT VICTORY DAY MARCH:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., S. AND G., NEWSPAPER

REPRESENTATIVES OF ALLIED FORCES.

ILLUSTRATIONS, FARRINGTON, C.N., AND C.P.



CHINA: GENERAL TANG AND STAFF.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA: INFANTRY.



GREECE: INFANTRY.



SERBIA: TROOPS LED BY COL. MILOSAVLJEVITCH.



SIAM: A CONTINGENT LED BY CAPT. NITIAKARA.



JAPAN: COL. S. ABE.



ROUMANIA: MAJOR HAGI STEFAN AT THE HEAD.



FOLLOWED BY OFFICERS.



PORTUGAL: A REGIMENTAL COLOUR BORNE BY AN OFFICER.



POLAND: THE CONTINGENT ON THE MARCH.

The representatives of the Allied Forces marched in alphabetical order: United States of America; Belgium; China; Czechoslovakia; France; Greece; Italy; Japan; Poland; Portugal; Roumania; Serbia; and Siam. The United States contingent was headed by General Pershing; that of Belgium, by General Bourremans; China, by Generals Tang and Dan; Czechoslovakia,

by Captain Ingr; France, by Marshal Foch and Generals Debeney, De la Guiche, Desvoys, and Gibon-Guilhem; Greece, by Major Venezelos; Italy, by Lieut-General Montuori; Japan, by Col. S. Abe; Poland, by Captain Tyl; Portugal, by Major Conceiro Albuquerque; Roumania, by Major Hagi Stefan; Serbia, by Col. Milosavljevitich; and Siam, by Captain Nitiakara.

THE GREAT VICTORY DAY MARCH: REPRESENTATIVES OF ALLIED FORCES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU AND TOPICAL.



1. BELGIUM: INFANTRY ON THE MARCH IN THE GREAT PROCESSION.

2. ITALY: INFANTRY MARCHING UP THE MALL TO THE SALUTING-BASE.

The representatives of Belgium followed those of the United States, and were accorded a very hearty and sympathetic reception. General Bourremans and his Staff formed a

picturesque group at their head. Italy was represented by a very smart contingent led by Lieut.-General Montuori.

THE KING AT THE SALUTING-POINT: THE ROYAL PAVILION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



1. ASSEMBLED IN THE PAVILION AT THE BASE OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL: THE KING AND QUEEN AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

The King and Queen watched the Victory march on July 19 from a green-and-gold pavilion built at the base of the Queen Victoria Memorial. His Majesty was in Field-Marshal's uniform. In the centre of the upper photograph are seen, from left to right, ex-King Manoel of Portugal; his wife, Queen Augusta Victoria; the Prince of Wales; the King;

2. WALKING TO THE PAVILION: THE QUEEN, QUEEN ALEXANDRA, THE KING; FOLLOWED BY PRINCESS MARY, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND QUEEN AUGUSTA.

the Queen; and Queen Alexandra. Near the extreme left of the photograph is the Duke of Connaught; and in front of the two left-hand pillars are General Sir Hugh Trenchard, Chief of Air Staff, and Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, First Sea Lord. The lower photograph shows the royal party walking across the fore-court of Buckingham Palace.

GENERALISSIMO: AND BRITISH LEADER: FOCH AND HAIG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.



1. THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG IN THE GREAT MARCH ON VICTORY DAY.

None of the Allied leaders seen in the great procession in London in celebration of Peace drew greater acclamations from the onlookers than Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and Marshal Foch. Sir Douglas Haig was the chief figure among the representatives of the British Military Forces; while Marshal Foch led the representatives of France. The

2. THE GENERALISSIMO OF THE ALLIED ARMIES: MARSHAL FOCH, BATON IN HAND, RIDING AT THE HEAD OF THE FRENCH TROOPS.

Allied Generalissimo's appearance on the occasion was of particular moment, for he came at the special request of Sir Douglas Haig after he had declined the invitation, saying that he felt that July 19 in London should be the day of Sir Douglas Haig and the British Forces, rather than in any degree a tribute to himself as Generalissimo.

THE KING'S VIEW OF THE MARCH: HAIG AND BEATTY SALUTING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FERNET BROOKS



HOW THEIR MAJESTIES SAW THE PROCESSION: THE VIEW FROM THE ROYAL PAVILION ALONG THE MALL—
THE KING RETURNING SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S SALUTE.



THE KING RETURNING ADMIRAL BEATTY'S SALUTE: ANOTHER VIEW FROM BEHIND THE ROYAL PARTY, AFTER MARSHAL FOCH, GENERAL PERSHING
AND GENERAL MONTUORI HAD JOINED IT.

These photographs, taken from a point just behind the royal party in the pavilion at the Victoria Memorial, show the view which their Majesties had of the procession as it approached them along the Mall. The Allied contingents came in alphabetical order, and after they had passed the King at the saluting-point, first General Pershing, who led the Americans, then Marshal Foch, and later General Montuori, the Italian commander, dis-

mounted and joined the royal group in the pavilion. They may be easily identified in the photographs. After the Allies walked Admiral Beatty, at the head of 4000 men of the Navy and its auxiliary forces, and presently came Sir Douglas Haig riding at the head of the British troops. Both had a great reception from the assembled multitudes. They likewise proceeded to the Royal Pavilion after saluting, and were received there by the King.

PERSONALITIES OF VICTORY DAY: ALLIED LEADERS AND THE PREMIER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, L.N.A., AND FRANK P. HODGES



LEADING THE PROCESSION AT THE HEAD OF THE AMERICAN TROOPS: GENERAL PERSHING.



LEADING THE ITALIAN CONTINGENT IN THE VICTORY MARCH IN LONDON: LIEUT.-GEN. MONTUORI.



LEADING THE BELGIAN CONTINGENT IN THE VICTORY MARCH IN LONDON: GENERAL BOURREMANS.



GREETING FRIENDS BESIDE THE ROYAL DAIS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE; AND (TO THE RIGHT) THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Allied Contingents in the great military procession through London on July 19 marched in alphabetical order. At the head rode General John J. Pershing, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force. He and his men received a great welcome. General Pershing had seen much active service before the Great War in the Indian campaigns, in Cuba, and in the Philippines. It was under his command

that the Americans captured St. Mihiel and, later, made their great turning movement in the Argonne and the Meuse Valley. After the Americans in the procession came the Belgians, headed by General Bourremans and his staff. The Italian Contingent was led by Lieut.-General Montuori. Mr. Lloyd George watched the procession from the Royal Pavilion at the Queen Victor's Memorial.

AT THE HEAD OF THE NAVAL SECTION: ADMIRALS THREE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUS., C.N. AND L.N.A



ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR DAVID BEATTY—PRECEDING FLAG OFFICERS AND STAFFS WHO SERVED IN THE WAR. OTHER THAN THOSE NOW COMMANDING SQUADRONS OF THE ATLANTIC AND HOME FLEETS.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROGER KEYES, COMMANDING THE BATTLE-CRUISER SQUADRON.



ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES MADDEN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, ATLANTIC AND HOME FLEETS.

The Naval Section was headed by Sir David Beatty's flag, and by Sir David himself. As Commander of forces in the three great North Sea engagements during the war, and, later, as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, he did magnificent work. Sir Charles Madden was Chief of Staff to Lord Jellicoe in 1914-1918. He has been continuously employed at

sea as a Flag Officer since January 1912. Sir Roger Keyes is the youngest Admiral in the British Navy. He is best known as having prepared the plans for the splendid operations which he commanded at Ostend and Zeebrugge. Previously he had served as Chief-of-Staff to Admiral Robeck at the Dardanelles.

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

IS CIVIL AVIATION A FAILURE?

By C. G. GREY,

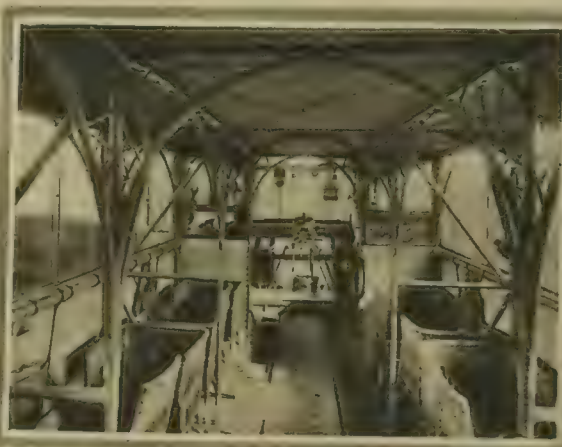
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

AS might have been expected, the unduly optimistic booming which was given to civil aviation immediately after the Armistice was signed now seems to be giving place in the public Press to a system of "crabbing" which, unless it is duly met by reasonable argument, is quite likely to complete the harm which was done by the unwarranted booming which preceded it. A writer in an important daily paper recently stated that, so far, civil and commercial flying has been almost a "wash-out." Certain of his later remarks are also worth quoting. For example, he says: "The too-optimistic predictions of what the air would be like when the war was over have not come to pass; day by day goes by in most places and never a machine is to be seen in the sky. The Royal Air Force has, for the time being and for the sake of economy, practically ceased to 'aviate'; and the peace-purposes aircraft we were so freely promised a little while ago are mostly conspicuous by their absence."

In a measure what this writer says is true. Day by day does go by in most places—it is a habit of days in most places. But, although it is also true that never a machine is to be seen in the sky, that is by no means the fault either of civil aviation or of the British public. It is, as a matter of fact, very largely the fault of the Air Ministry, who, by hanging up the issue of Civil Aviation Regulations until the end of April, never gave the aircraft industry a chance of getting machines ready for civilian flying before such flying became legal. Even after May 1—on which date it became lawful to fly—further hindrances were put in the way of civil aviation. Machines which were quite good enough for the use of Air Force pupils in war time, pilots who were quite good enough to take up such pupils as passengers in war time, and fields which were quite good enough to be used as landing grounds in war time—all had to be examined and passed as fit to operate in their respective spheres of action in peace time. In some cases, machines, aviators, and aerodromes were given the necessary certificates by the Air Ministry "experts." In other cases they were withheld, despite the fact that the pilots or owners of aeroplanes who were applying for licences either for themselves or their machines or their aerodromes had had years of experience of practical aviation, whereas the "experts" who had the granting of the licences were, as likely as not, ground officers whose knowledge of aviation was purely theoretical.

Even when it was within the power of the Air Ministry officials to be of direct assistance to civil aviation by merely saying "yes" to a straightforward business proposition, the necessary affirmative seems to have been withheld—as, for example, in the famous instance of the Aerial Derby, to which the writer of the article in question refers. In that particular case, five at least of the fastest machines in the world were forbidden to take part in the race because the engines with which they were fitted happened to be Government property. The owners of the machines offered to buy the engines from the Government; and the Air Ministry refused to sell. Then the owners of the machines offered to replace these engines by others if they were allowed to use the Government engines in the machines for the race; and again the Air Ministry refused. One firm in particular, within my own knowledge, was told, in fact, that if the machine which it proposed to use in the race was used without the Air Ministry's consent,

the firm might experience difficulty in obtaining further orders for its machines in the future. Considering that the Air Ministry is not in need of any aeroplanes at all at the moment, and as, in the words of the writer to whom one has referred above, "The R.A.F. has practically ceased to 'aviate,'" there seems to be no possible explanation of the official refusal to permit these machines to fly, except that the officials concerned had resolved to assert their authority and to avenge themselves on the firms in question who had had the impertinence to enter these machines for the race without asking official permission.



SHOWING PASSENGERS' SEATS: IN THE CAR OF ONE OF THE ITALIAN DIRIGIBLES ENGAGED ON A DAILY SERVICE.
Italian Air Service Photograph.

That may presumably be taken as an example of the Government's idea of encouraging civil aviation. For if those machines had been allowed to compete, and if they had put up the extraordinary performances which were confidently expected of them, they would have shown definitely that British aeroplanes are very much faster than anything else at present existing in the world, and so the prestige of British aircraft would have been raised in all those countries where we hope to sell our aircraft in future. Such an advertisement was particularly necessary at the moment, because both

abroad by the fact that it cannot obtain engines for the machines which it has to supply under that contract, owing to the fact that the said engines are all the property of the Government, and the Government refuses to release them for sale to the aircraft constructor for use on aeroplanes for civil aviation abroad. It is true, of course, that there are thousands upon thousands of "salvage" engines to be bought at comparatively reasonable prices for civil aviation purposes; but, in the first place, British constructors who are out to create for British commercial aircraft abroad a reputation such as that which is held by British motor-cars and other commercial products do not want scrap engines for such machines. They want the very best type in the world—namely, the very latest types of British aero engines. Furthermore, it is quite possible that if these "salvage" engines were used in commercial aircraft, and if the owners thereof asked for licences to use such engines in carrying passengers "for fee or reward," the Air Ministry's "experts" might quite reasonably refuse to grant the licences on the plea that the engines were not of the best. Under such circumstances, it is not altogether surprising that one does not see "aeroplanes all over the sky in most places day after day."

Even the joy-riding public are not greatly encouraged by the Government to support civil aviation. For example, much has been made of the fact that civil aviation may be carried on from Government aerodromes; but the mere member of the public who thinks that he can go down to an R.A.F. aerodrome, pay his or her money at the gate, and book a passenger flight, is apt to be considerably mistaken. For example, a certain fair lady who particularly desired to go for a flight at Hounslow, journeyed to that somewhat inaccessible spot, and was held up by an R.A.F. sentry at the gate because she did not possess the necessary official pass to enter the aerodrome. The actual ticket office at which flights were booked was some fifty yards inside the actual aerodrome boundary and well within sight; but she was compelled to go all the way back to London for lack of the necessary pass to enable her to cover that fifty yards. Thus, instead of the Government allowing the public to enter freely certain prescribed areas in the

official aerodromes, where they can watch the flying at their ease and become interested in aviation, the Air Ministry deliberately keeps people out of the aerodromes, and apparently makes it as difficult as possible even for those who are prepared to pay good money for passenger flights to reach the machines on which they wish to fly. It is all very well for Captains (late R.A.F.) to write to the daily Press and sneer at civil and commercial flying as a "wash-out." They and others would do very much better if, instead of saying how

rotten is the state of commercial aviation, they would make suggestions for the improvement of commercial aviation.

In the case of the particular writer to whom one has referred, his only suggestion for improvement is that the British Government should subsidise the peace-time aircraft industry. That is the very last thing that the peace-time aircraft industry wants. What the industry does want is a free hand to carry on commercial aviation as a commercial proposition without Government interference.



A DAILY PASSENGER SERVICE BY DIRIGIBLE IN ITALY: "M1" AND HER BIG "FLYING-BUS" CAR.
The Italian Government is running a daily dirigible service between Rome-Turin, and Milan.—[Italian Air Service Photograph.]

the French and Italian aircraft constructors had been turning out exceedingly fast aeroplanes which had put up excellent performances, and these performances were being advertised in practically every paper in the world as something very much out of the ordinary, though, as a matter of fact, one is convinced that there are at least four machines in England which could beat them.

Not only was this particular air race affected by Government regulations, but one is informed on excellent authority that at least one notable aircraft firm is prevented from fulfilling a very important contract

HOW THE WEST END DINED ON VICTORY NIGHT: AN HOTEL SCENE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOHN SUTCLIFFE.



A TYPICAL PEACE CELEBRATION DINNER AT A FAMOUS LONDON HOTEL: REVELRY AT THE BERKELEY.

Peace festivities took place at all the leading hotels of London on the night of July 19 amid special decorations in honour of the occasion. Thus, the Berkeley Hotel was converted for the time into an eighteenth-century garden, copied from an old French engraving, while the grill-room was arranged in the Georgian style. After dinner the guests helped themselves to crackers, trumpets, dolls, gollywogs, and other toys which were suspended

from a trellis-work. Trumpets were sounded, and an officer of the 19th Hussars gave as a toast "the Fox Hunt," and the company sang "John Peel." Many of the guests took to dancing. At other hotels there were similar scenes of revelry. At the Savoy the Raemaekers menu was sold by auction for the disabled. At Claridge's a gala dinner was followed by a dance.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE ROCKET MOLTEN INTO FLAKES OF CRIMSON OR IN EMERALD RAIN": THE FIREWORKS IN HYDE PARK.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH SIMPSON.



WITH ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS MADE STILL MORE BEAUTIFUL BY MISTS AND CLOUDS: THE FIREWORK DISPLAY IN HYDE PARK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

Whatever wonders time and science may have in store, the magic will never fade from "The rocket molten into flakes of crimson or in emerald rain." Fortunately, the real rain, which had fallen during the afternoon and evening of the 19th, had practically ceased by half-past nine, a quarter of an hour before the fireworks display in Hyde Park began. The clouds and mist that still overhung the trees rather increased than otherwise the lovely atmospheric effects of the higher pieces, which were watched by a huge and unrepentant crowd in and around the park. The display, which was the work of Messrs. Brock, was, indeed, gorgeous and elaborate. It included the colonial word-

devices: "Victory," "Thanks to the Boys," "Peace," and "God Save the King," fire portraits of the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Mr. Lloyd George, Admiral Beatty, Sir Douglas Haig, and Marshal Foch, and numerous spectacular pieces, among them some huge revolving "stars" and a representation of Niagara by moonlight. Various local fireworks displays, organised by Borough Councils, took place in parks and commons in other parts of London and the suburbs. At eleven o'clock flares signalled the official conclusion of the celebrations—and the bonfires.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

DANCE AND SONG IN HYDE PARK: ROYAL SPECTATORS OF REVELS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO. AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERRAD.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE CHILDREN'S REVELS: THEIR MAJESTIES, WITH PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCE GEORGE, WATCHING A DANCE.



CARRYING THROUGH THEIR PROGRAMME DESPITE THE RAIN: THE IMPERIAL CHOIR'S CONCERT IN HYDE PARK.

The open-air celebrations in the London parks on the afternoon of July 19 were somewhat marred by rain, but this did not damp the ardour of the participants or the spectators. The King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary and Prince George, drove out from Buckingham Palace, and visited each of the three points in Hyde Park where entertainments were held. They watched with great interest the children's revels arranged by the Folk Song and Dance Society. The concert in Hyde Park by the Imperial Choir

of 10,000 voices, conducted by Dr. Charles Harriss, was carried through, and there was also in Hyde Park a performance of the fairy scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Similar events took place in St. James's Park, the Green Park, and Regent's Park. The whole arrangements were admirably organised by the League of Arts and the Folk Song and Dance Society. The old English dances were under the direction of Mr. Cecil Sharp.

SELLINGER'S ROUND": AN OLD ENGLISH MAYPOLE DANCE IN HYDE PARK.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER.



DANCING TO CELEBRATE PEACE: ONE OF THE AFTERNOON EVENTS IN THE LONDON PARKS, ARRANGED BY THE FOLK SONG AND DANCE SOCIETY AND THE LEAGUE OF ARTS.

It was a happy thought to provide Londoners with open-air diversions to keep them amused and occupied during the afternoon of the 19th, between the Victory march and the firework displays. It was a still happier thought to revive for the purpose the old country dances of Merrie England, together with choral songs and scenes from Shakespeare. The programme was arranged by the League of Arts, and the dancing was organised by the English Folk Dance Society, under the direction of Mr. Cecil Sharp. The dances were

of the type of "Sir Roger de Coverley," and included some named after old songs, "London is a fair town," "Haste to the Wedding," and "We won't go Home till morning." One of the most popular items was the famous old Maypole dance called "Sellinger's Round," which was the only one with a circling movement. Its spontaneous jollity, combined with its taking tune, made an irresistible appeal both to those taking part in it and to the onlookers.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PYROTECHNIC PEACE CELEBRATIONS: FOUNTAINS AND FEATHERS OF FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU AND AIFIREI



THE GREAT FIREWORKS DISPLAY IN HYDE PARK ON JULY 19:
AN OSPREY EFFECT.



LIKE A BUNCH OF MEADOWSWEET GROWING IN FIRE:
A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF FIREWORKS.



A STUDY IN OSTRICH FEATHERS; AND POLICEMEN IN SILHOUETTE:
FIREWORKS THROUGH THE CAMERA.



LIKE A COLOSSAL CATHERINE WHEEL: THE BLAZE OF LIGHT
MADE BY A REVOLVING "SUN."

Never perhaps has London seen a more wonderful pyrotechnic display than that given in Hyde Park as the concluding entertainment of the Peace Celebrations on the night of July 19. Rain had fallen heavily during the afternoon and the earlier part of the evening, and, though it had stopped before the fireworks began, the clouds were still rolling overhead and the air was full of mist. Some of the higher rockets were, perhaps, somewhat shorn

of their brilliance, but the loss of a little glitter was amply compensated by the softer beauty of the effects produced by these conditions of the atmosphere. Wonderful forms of radiant light took shape in the air and made lovely pictures above the trees. They followed each other in prodigal profusion, and at one time there was a long cascade of silver, representing Niagara, that seemed to stretch half across the Park.

"AND BROADER STILL BECAME THE BLAZE": A PEACE NIGHT BONFIRE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CECIL KING.



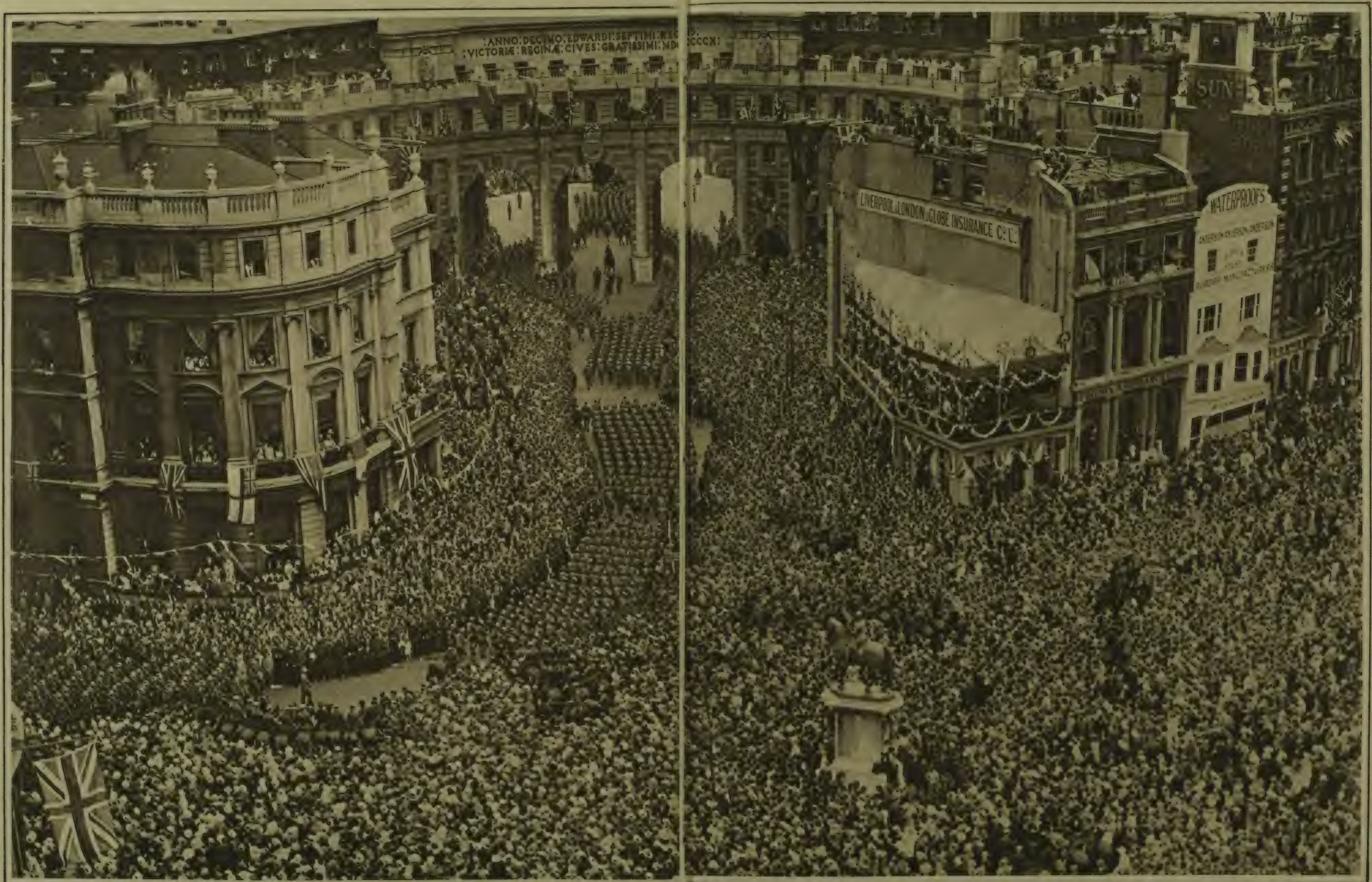
THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARMADA SIGNALS IN 1588: BRITAIN ONCE MORE ABLAZE WITH BONFIRES—
A TYPICAL SCENE (IN WANSTEAD PARK) ON JULY 19.

July 19 was the anniversary (old style) of that memorable day 331 years ago when the news of the coming of the Armada was flashed from height to height throughout the land. The bonfires of Peace Night, therefore, had a double significance, and they belied at least the prediction in Macaulay's line—"Such night in England ne'er had been nor e'er again shall be"; for, once again, "From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay, That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day." Now the

fiery messages travelled far beyond Berwick and the line of Tweed, into the distant Highlands and even to the Orkneys. But while the bonfires of 1588 announced the approach of a great national danger, those of 1919 celebrated a greater danger averted and a national triumph. The Central Parliamentary Committee for Beacons and Bonfires distributed over 6000 flares and 34,000 rockets to more than 900 centres.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

VICTORY DAY CELEBRATED IN THE HEART OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: THE REMARKABLE SCENE AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED



TROOPS MARCHING IN TRIUMPH THROUGH THE DENSE THRONGS: PASSING THROUGH THE ADMIRALTY ARCH ON THE WAY TO THE SALUTING-BASE.

It need scarcely be said that the crowds were enormous, but, as is usual in London, they were exceedingly well behaved, and the thin line of police and "Specials," and the occasional mounted police and cavalry, were hardly needed to keep order. On certain parts of the route, notably about the Mall and near Buckingham Palace, some sightseers took up their places before midnight on the previous day, waiting, in the case of those in the Mall, till the procession had come to an end at about 2.30 on the Saturday! Seats were provided

in the Mall for disabled soldiers, Chelsea and Greenwich pensioners, discharged soldiers and sailors, and Members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons; while on Constitution Hill were children from the Service Orphan Homes, and stands for widows, mothers and orphans of officers and men who fell in the war. The troops, divided at the Arch, joining up again on the Mall side of it. London has had many crowds to deal with, but perhaps never one which was at once so dense, and so good-humoured. Its loyalty and good-temper were as admirable.

THE VICTORY MARCH: HUMAN TOUCHES AND INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, L.N.A., BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS, C.N., AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



A PEACE USE FOR A WAR DEVICE: A PERISCOPE USED BY A WOMAN IN THE CROWD



IN A PLACE OF HONOUR AT THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL: WOUNDED SOLDIERS AS SPECTATORS.



THE ADVANTAGES OF A SEA TRAINING: TWO NAVAL MEN ALOFT IN THEIR "SPOTTING TOWER."



A MUCH-APPLAUDED MEMBER OF THE NAVY: THE MASCOT BULL-DOG OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH."



GENERAL PERSHING FEELS "DRY": TAKING A DRINK FROM A ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE MAN'S WATER-BOTTLE.



GENERAL PERSHING'S SON, WHO WAS INVITED TO THE ROYAL PAVILION: MASTER WARREN PERSHING.



A NURSES' "MASCOT": A LITTLE GIRL IN UNIFORM WHO MARCHED THE WHOLE OF THE ROUTE.



A NEW USE FOR A TRENCH-PERISCOPE: A GIRL SEES "OVER THE TOP" OF THE CROWD.



HEROES OF "BATTLES LONG AGO": CHELSEA PENSIONERS WATCH THE PROCESSION IN THE MALL.

On an occasion like the great Victory march in London, it is often the little human touches and minor incidents that make the chief interest of the day for individual spectators. It is impossible for any single person to realise the event as a whole. One, for example, may have happened to stand in the crowd where a periscope was being used to enable its fortunate possessor to see over the heads of those in front. Another may have

been at the point where General Pershing dismounted and accepted a drink of water from a St. John's Ambulance man. The St. John's men, by the way, had plenty to do in attending to the usual cases of fainting, and carried out their duties with great efficiency. General Pershing's little son, Warren Pershing, was invited into the Royal Pavilion, where his father was received by the King after passing the saluting-point.

THE FLEET AT SOUTHEND: SHIPS ARRIVING; AND ILLUMINATIONS.

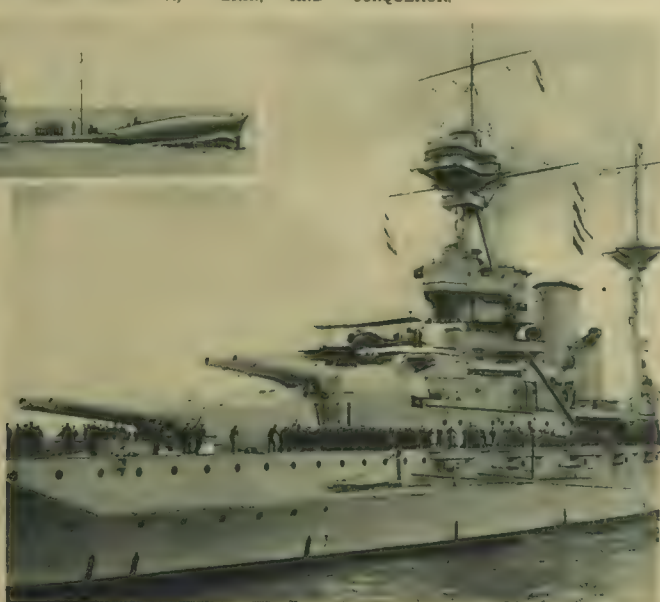
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS



OUTLINED IN LIGHT: (FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) THE "FURIOUS," "QUEEN ELIZABETH," "LION," "TIGER," "BARHAM," "VALIANT," "MALAYA," "REVENGE," "ROYAL OAK," "ROYAL SOVEREIGN," "KING GEORGE V.," "ERIN," AND "CONQUEROR."



WITH THE NAVAL AIRSHIP "N7" FLYING ABOVE: THE FLEET ARRIVING—H.M.S. "FURIOUS" (AEROPLANE-CARRIER) LEADING.



ADMIRAL MADDEN'S FLAG-SHIP: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH," ON HER ARRIVAL AT SOUTHEND.



SOUTHEND'S WELCOME TO THE FLEET: AN ILLUMINATED INSCRIPTION ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 19.

The great fleet assembled for the Peace Celebrations in Sea Reach off Southend arrived at its anchorage there on July 17. On the 19th an immense crowd spread all along the front from Leigh to Shorbury to see the illuminations. First of all there was a display of shore fireworks, and the ships faded into darkness. Then suddenly from the "Queen Elizabeth" a great bouquet of red-and-green rockets shot up into the night, giving the appearance of the ship blowing up. It was the signal for the whole fleet to

be illuminated. Within two seconds every vessel was outlined in glittering light. Round each of the big ships thousands of electric-light bulbs had been fixed, while each destroyer had a single row of lights from stern to stern over the masthead. Finally, after these illuminations went out, there was a great "bonfire" of flares from the deck of every ship. The narrow photograph underneath that at the top of the page shows the "K 14," one of the latest types of British submarines, notable for their raised bows.

THE BONFIRES OF THE NAVY: BRITAIN'S ARMADA AT SOUTHEND LIT UP BY CALCIUM FLARES AT MIDNIGHT.

PAINTED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CHARLES PEARCE, FROM THE

DECK OF H.M.S. "FURIOUS" AT MIDNIGHT ON JULY 19.



SHIPS OF SEA AND AIR SILHOUETTED IN BLACK AND SILVER: A FAIRYLIKE SCENE

The great display given by the Fleet off Southend on July 19 was somewhat spoiled by the rain. At 10.15 p.m. from the fore deck of the "Queen Elizabeth" a hundred rockets were fired in a great bunch, and at the exact same moment the ships were outlined by electric bulbs, remaining so until midnight, when another batch of rockets and stars tore into the air. The illuminations then went out, and there came from each ship huge fuses of calcium which caused wonderful effects, lighting the sky for miles around, and throwing ships into silhouette, some deep black, and others glowing silver—turning to orange and gold in the distance through the rain. These were the Navy's bonfires. Looking eastward from the end of the pier, the spectators

OFF SOUTHEM—THE CALCIUM FLARES AT THE CLOSE OF THE ILLUMINATIONS.

at Southend would see nearest to them the lights of the repairship "Assistance"; next, to the left, those of the aeroplane-carrier "Furious"; and then, in succession, a long line of battle-ships and battle-cruisers stretching down the Thames estuary—the "Queen Elizabeth," "Lion," "Tiger," "Barham," "Vallant," "Malaya," "Revenge," "Royal Oak," "Royal Sovereign," "King George V.," "Erin," and "Conqueror"; and behind the last-named three, the "Orion," "Monarch," and "Thunderer." Opposite the pier, and westward up the river were the myriad lights of the destroyer and submarine flotillas, cruisers, and other craft.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

"ABOUT A NUMBER OF THINGS."

A Chat on Science by SIR RAY LANKESTER, K.C.B., F.R.S.



POND - SNAILS.

SNAILS are of many and various kinds. In drawing up the great pedigree of animals which is called "the classification of the animal kingdom," naturalists place them, with other creatures like them in structure, as a stem or great line of descent which is called the Mollusca. Examples of other great stems are the Vertebrates, the Appendiculars, the Star-fishes.

The molluscs, as their name suggests, are remarkable for the softness of the body, which in most of them is protected by a hard shell or pair of shells. The body is not merely soft, but curiously elastic—so that it can change in shape, swelling out in one part and shrinking in another. The swelling is due to the driving of the blood from one region, of which the muscular wall contracts, into another which yields and becomes "taut," distended and expanded by the abundant blood. By this squeezing in one part and distension in another, the mollusc can force its head and body far beyond its shell, or again shrink rapidly out of view into the protecting shell.

This kind of expansion and contraction of the body is not seen in other animals except in the sea-anemones and the little polyps allied to them, where, however, the liquid which effects the expansion is not the animal's blood (they have no blood!), but sea-water taken in at the mouth. Lovers of the sea shore and its curious inhabitants delight themselves by placing a sea-anemone picked up on the rocks at low tide as a hard fleshy lump as big as a large walnut—in a glass of sea-water. Slowly it takes water into itself through its mouth and expands as it relaxes its muscles, and after an hour or two is seen as a beautifully coloured little tower crowned with a circlet of delicate pointed tentacles of varied tint which surround the mouth. It has expanded to ten times its original bulk—and is, in fact, distended with the sea-water taken into it, and is "taut" and firm. Touch it now with your finger, and it shrinks; it contracts as you watch it, driving out the sea-water from its mouth and the tips of its tentacles until it becomes the shapeless little fleshy lump with which you started.

This use of liquid to distend, and at the same time make firm and rigid, the soft, flaccid body is common to the polyps and to the molluscs; and until a few years ago it was thought that the molluscs take in water into their blood-vessels so as to effect their expansion, and that they let it escape when they again shrink. But I was able to show at that time that molluscs do not take water into their blood when they expand themselves, nor throw out any liquid when they shrink. In a very few exceptional molluscs the blood is red, and one can see it driven into the expanding parts of the body, and also see that none of the red blood escapes from the body as it contracts. By careful measurement in a glass jar it has been shown that none of the water around it is taken into the blood-vessels when the mollusc expands, and that no liquid is thrown out by it when it shrinks. The liquid in the body—the blood—merely passes from one part of the animal which shrinks to another part which expands. The shrinking part is within the shell, and hidden by it, whilst the swelling part emerges from the mouth of the shell. When that extended part is withdrawn into the shell it drives the blood which had distended it back into the previously shrunken part of the animal concealed in the shell, and itself collapses and "tucks" itself deep into the cavity of the shell.

The common pond snail, shown in our Figs. 1 and 2, is readily found in any large pond of stagnant water crawling on the leaves of water-plants. It shrinks suddenly into its delicate spiral shell and is lost to view when caught; but, if kept in a jar of water, may be watched gradually swelling out from its shell, and crawling, as shown in the drawings here printed which I made a long time ago from some taken in the large ponds at Hampstead Heath. One sees that the expanded animal shows a large oblong pointed "foot," as it is called (f), on the flat surface of which it crawls (Fig. 3), whilst raised on this cushion we see the "head," formed by

two rounded lobes right and left (hl), between which is the mouth (Fig. 3 m). The head carries a pair of pointed tentacles (Figs. 1 and 2), and also, close by them, a pair of eyes. Behind the head, rising from the upper surface of the foot, is the "visceral hump," which, as shown in Figs. 1 and 2, remains always within and protected by the shell, which covers it and is firmly attached to it. The expanded animal is seen in Fig. 2, hanging by a narrow stalk or connecting isthmus from the visceral mass concealed in the shell. One cannot have a better example of the soft mobile body of a mollusc than is given by this beautiful semi-transparent pond-snail.

We must revert now to some other features of importance in Mollusca. All of them except the bivalves (mussels, oysters, cockles) have a very curious and elaborate rasp-like plate within the mouth. It grows from the floor of the mouth, as a finger-nail



POND SNAILS. (All drawn of the natural size).

Figs. 1 and 2.—The common Pond-Snail—*Lymnaea stagnalis*—showing the animal expanded and crawling; note the dark-coloured shell, the long "foot" (f), the head-lobes (hl), the pair of tentacles and the pair of eyes. Fig. 3.—The expanded foot and head-lobes of the same seen from the flat crawling surface: note the mouth (m) in the middle of the head-lobes. Fig. 4.—The shell and expanded animal of the flat-coiled Pond-Snail (*Planorbis cornuus*): note the long tentacles. Fig. 5.—The running-water Pond-Snail (*Paludina vivipara*)—showing the striped black-and-yellow shell, and the expanded animal with tentacles, eye-stalks, and snout.

grows at the end of our fingers, and wears away as it is used. It is beset with minute sharp teeth in rows of definite shape and pattern (beautiful to look at with the microscope), comparable to the teeth on a rasp. It works up and down across the opening of the mouth, being provided with a ball like mass of red-coloured muscles (of which more in my next article) elaborately disposed so as to give it vigorous and effective action. It enables the molluscs provided with it to rasp down vegetable and animal bodies which serve them as food; and in many cases to bore holes through the shells of other molluscs and so to feed on the soft animal within. It is thus that the whelks attack and devour oysters. You can see the pond-snail using his rasp, just visible within his-lips, as he crawls over the green growth on the glass sides of an aquarium. The rasp-bearing molluscs—the snails, slugs, whelks, periwinkles, limpets, and cuttle-fish—form a natural group of blood-relations, characterised by the possession (the common inheritance) of this remarkable organ, and separated from the bivalve molluscs—the two-shelled muscles, clams, oysters, and cockles—which are devoid of it. The bivalves swallow very minute microscopic floating plants (Diatoms and suchlike) carried into their mouths by streams of water drawn there by the innumerable vibrating hairs or cilia with which their large gill plates (the so-called "beard" of the oyster), are closely covered.

If we leave aside the very peculiar cuttle-fish, with their eight or ten arms beset with hooks and suckers, the rasp-bearing molluscs are all very much like our common pond-snail. They are all classed as "Gastropods," because their lower surface or belly is developed into a crawling foot, as we have seen in the pond-snail. The fresh-water and land-dwelling snails are derived from marine ancestors; and some are specially adapted to breathe air. The marine kinds, such as whelks and periwinkles, have a pair of comb-like or feather-like gills protected by a hood or fold of the body. Usually this pair of gills is reduced to a single one, as the gastropods have nearly all become lop-sided or one-sided. This lop-sidedness is connected with the spiral twist of the shell, as seen in our pond-snail (Figs. 1 and 2). It is a right or left "screw," as the case may be. Sometimes the spire is not drawn out, but is flat like a watch-spring, as in the flat-coiled pond-snail *Planorbis* (Fig. 4), which is common in ponds, living side by side with the other which is called *Lymnaea* (Figs. 1 and 2). Both *Planorbis* and *Lymnaea* are devoid of even one gill or gill-comb, and, like the land-snail (*Helix*) and land-slug (*Limax*), have the hood, which in other snails protects the gill-plume, converted into a chamber with small aperture capable of complete closure by muscles. You may easily see this aperture in the common garden-snail and in the garden slug. This chamber contains air, and is a lung. Hence these snails are called the Pulmonate Gastropods. There are fish which live in rivers liable to dry up, and, like the pulmonate snails, have the gill-chamber converted into a lung or air-breathing sac.

The shape of the shells of pulmonate gastropods differs in different kinds, as it does in the marine kinds. The whelks have long spiral shells like *Lymnaea*, but heavier and stronger; and some of the sea-snails have short spires like the garden snail, or they may have flat-coiled shells like *Planorbis*. The limpet is a marine snail with simple cap-like or cup-like shell, without spire. In our mountain streams there lives a little Pulmonate snail similar in structure to *Lymnaea*, but having a simple cap-like shell on its "visceral hump" like that of a limpet. It is called *Ancylus*, and is fairly common. There are also Pulmonate water-snails which have a very minute spire to their shells, most of the shell consisting of a great open chamber out of proportion to the spire. These shells are intermediate in form between those of the common pond-snail and the cap-like one of *Ancylus*. They also live in running water, and constitute a genus called *Physa*. There are many species of *Physa* and many of *Lymnaea*.

In Fig. 5 I have given a drawing of a very different kind of pond-snail called *Paludina*. It is common enough, but will not live in stagnant water—a little streamlet must run through the pond in which it flourishes. I used to get it, with other stream-loving molluscs (e.g., the little bivalve "*Cyclas*"), in the "Leg of Mutton Pond" at Hampstead, which is the source of a little river, but not in the great stagnant ponds of "the lower Heath." It has a fine striped snail-like shell, a big crawling foot, tentacles, and eyes raised on short stalks. It is not one of the Pulmonata, but has a gill plume, and by it breathes the oxygen—not of the air, but that dissolved in water. Its ancestors took to fresh water and left the sea at a later period than those of the Pulmonate pond-snails and allied land-snails. A great point of difference which separates it from the Pulmonates is that it possesses an operculum—a round horny shield growing on the hinder part of the foot, which fits tightly to the mouth of the shell when the animal withdraws into that chamber. Most of the sea-snails and whelks possess an operculum, but none of the Pulmonates. Some of the fresh-water operculate snails, like *Paludina*, have left the water altogether and taken to a life on land. They, like the Pulmonates, have lost the gill, and breathe air through the wall of the gill chamber, but they still keep the operculum. "*Cyclostoma*" is the name of one common on walls built of limestone rock in Gloucestershire.

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A GALIC TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN'S COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: PREPARING TO THROW A BOUQUET TO SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.



DEMobilISED SOLDIERS WATCHING THE PROCESSION AT THE QUEEN VICTORIA MEMORIAL: AN INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENTS



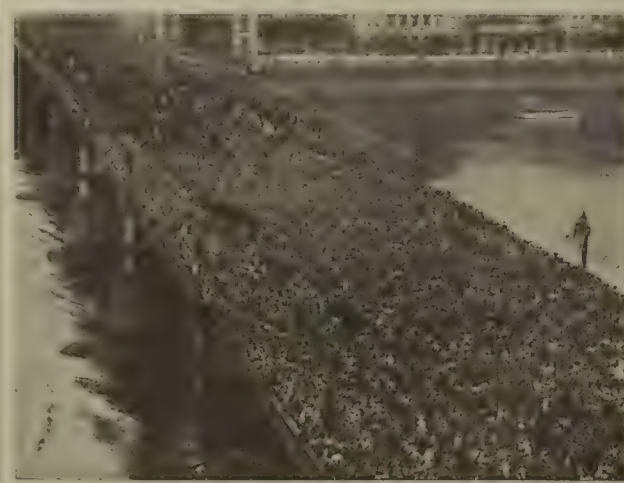
EAST END CELEBRATIONS: A CHILDREN'S FEAST AT BOW-TABLES LAID IN A STREET. AND "GROWN-UPS" SERVING.



ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP: A LITTLE BRITON SHOWING SOME HALTED U.S. SOLDIERS HOW TO MARCH.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE BE-FLAGGED FOR THE OCCASION: THE KING'S LONDON HOME SETS AN EXAMPLE.



BOADICEA AND SOME OF HER "POSTERITY": THE HUGE CROWD ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AFTER THE PROCESSION.

All London rejoiced together in the Peace Celebrations, though it was manifestly impossible for the procession to pass through every district. The East End, it is understood, will have its own special occasion later, but meanwhile it observed the day by decorating its houses and in many other ways. The photograph of the children's feast in a Bow by-street shows how the occupants of humbler dwellings followed the example of Buckingham

Palace in adorning their fronts with flags and drapery to the best of their ability, with taste and patriotism. The crowd on Westminster Bridge and Boadicea's statue at the corner with men astride her stone steeds, recalls the poet's prophecy about her, that "Regions Cæsar never knew Thy posterity shall sway." It looked as if Westminster Bridge would sway, for "all that mighty heart" was by no means "lying still."

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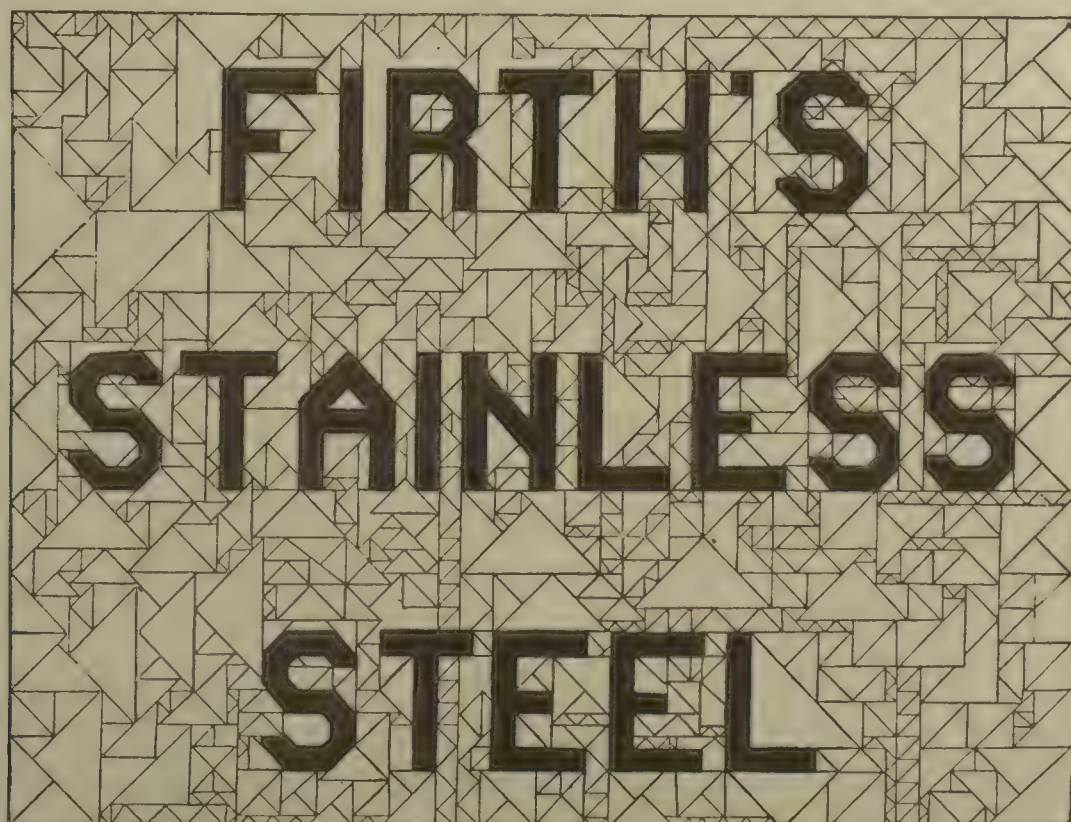
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LADIES' NEWS.

IF we had not had such a nauseous dose of German militarism that we rather shy at war terms, women would have preferred "Victory" celebrated instead of Peace—for, indeed, of peace there was none. Poor doves, they would have used their wings to get to nests in the wilderness had they been anywhere about London on Peace Day. The queerest olive branches that were ever held out were those Peace celebrations! But it was a splendid time; and Britishers enjoyed it; and down in the heart of everyone was gratitude that killing and slaying, torturing, enslaving, and devastating were done with. We women wish we could believe it is for ever, but, alas! we don't; that would be too good to be true, too much of heaven for earth.

The Dee side is getting itself ready for a resumption of its season. Their Majesties are going to Balmoral; the braw Braemar Gathering is to be glorious, as of old. The Princess Royal will be at Mar Lodge, and there will be a collecting of the Royal Clan such as will gladden the hearts of the Highlanders. The "Kilties" have earned it, too, most grandly, and women ought to thank them for the glorification of "petticoats" in battle. Far be that word from my mouth in the presence of a Highlander! Was it in honour of them that our skirts travelled upwards to our knees, and that many of us wore stockings which made our legs look bare? Quite possibly it was, though the "Hielan'" men will think it more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and such imitation a form of flattery they cannot appreciate. Their Majesties will, I believe, see the Prince of Wales off on his trip to Canada before they go North; and the only drawback to their holiday will be the absence of the beloved Heir.

Next week comes the end of one of the oddest Seasons London has ever known. An exquisite May, a cold, dry, June, a cold, wet July, with warm days wedged in—that is how the weather took it. A quiet May, full of great expectations; a June when entertaining broke out, and things went smartly, despite hope, deferred and again deferred. A June when everyone kept quiet about their doings until Peace had been proclaimed: a June that had almost gone when that consummation had been reached. A July full of plans, and a July in which the rejoicings were rather piecemeal and somewhat hurried. No one ever knew what was going to happen until an hour or so before it happened—sometimes not till after—a queer



A FASHIONABLE WRAP.

This smart evening cloak is made of white charmeuse, with a design in black velvet.

season indeed, and often "a mad world my masters!" Next year we may look for a really brilliant time with some organised method about its events. There are all sorts of rumours about probable happenings in it; but, dear me, we have supped too full on rumours!

Truly, there is nothing like leather; we know this now that we cannot get any. "They are an awful price, Madam—four and a-half guineas a pair, and not really soft patent leather, such as these; but they will wear as well, and you won't know any difference"; such was the answer to a request for a couple of pairs of shoes, same as before. What on earth are we going to wear on our feet? Manfield gives their new shoe fabric the name of "Sholin," and very fascinating footwear it makes. It has a firm canvas-like surface, and one can have it in any one of five very pretty shades, any of which will go with any gown. It looks new after each cleaning, and it is a delightful way out of shoes at four and a-half guineas a pair. A card to Manfield, 59-60, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4, will bring along a booklet descriptive of Sholin and Sholin shoes. There are, of course, endless branches in town and provinces, where they can be seen in all their real practical prettiness.

Now that race meetings of the fashionable kind are over until Doncaster—or will be next week, with Goodwood—and Royal Garden Parties are done, women are very keen about holiday clothes. More keen than for five years—years during which clothes degenerated in our minds into merely necessary coverings. Once again we regard them as dress, and none more important than those for the yachts, the moors, the golf links, the salmon rivers, the bathing places, the tennis courts, and the boating rivers—among which holiday lots are cast. About neat "tailor-builts" there is always style. At the moment the coats are longer than last year, but not the skirts; the moment for the lengthening of them has not come—but it is coming. The plainer the suit the more distinguished it is for the country season. Knitted stockinette—which is, being interpreted, stockinette that looks knitted—jumper dresses, are in favour for seaside places, and visits where no great energy is called for. They will not do for the moors or the rivers at all. They suit neat, slight figures, and only those; and they have the advantage of being very comfortable. There is nothing like good serge and good tweed, and good cloth, for holiday wear in our little islands. That these fabrics are as costly as satins and silks is our misfortune, not our fault, and we must have them!

(Continued overleaf.)

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Take home a tin of "Jack Tar" Pilchards, and give your family an unexpected treat—to-day.

You will enjoy these savoury little fish. They are so plump and so tender and creamy, with a delicate flavour enhanced by the piquancy of rich, thick tomato sauce.

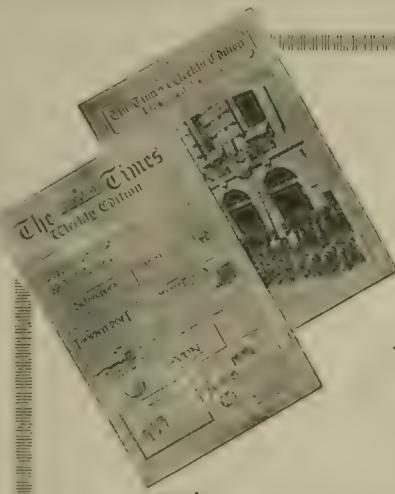
Keep a "Jack Tar" tin or two in the larder, and whenever the sameness of everyday dishes begins to pall on you—whenever you "fancy a change" just remember those three words "Jack Tar" Pilchards.

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BURBERRYS Haymarket S.W.1 LONDON
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The King and Queen, Princess Mary, and Princess Victoria were at the Opera last week to hear Melba and Anseau in "Romeo and Juliet." The Queen chose a bright-green dress, embroidered in emerald sequins and emerald jet, and her jewels were emeralds and diamonds and pearls. Her Majesty looked very handsome. Princess Mary's pretty dress was in hydrangea shades, and she wore a wreath in corresponding shades in her hair, and a double chain of pearls. It is rather amusing to be told that Princess Mary followed the book, and was coached in the story by Princess Victoria. Her Royal Highness has read Shakespeare as a study, and as a pleasure, since she has been old enough to enjoy the greatest literature of her own country. The Princess Royal, with Princess Maud, was also present. It was a brilliant night. We are now close to the end of the Opera season, and there is no gala. Well, it is one of the many good things reserved for next season, when the world will have settled down a bit.



A CHARMING DÉBUTANTE: MISS MARIELLA DOUGLAS-PENNANT.

Miss Mariella Douglas-Pennant, for whom Viscountess Northcliffe recently gave a ball, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Douglas-Pennant, and granddaughter of the late Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Archibald Douglas-Pennant. She is a debutante this season.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The American Ambassador and Mrs. Davis have been joined by a delightful daughter, who has a cousin to keep her company—the cousin being, I think, not yet out. Miss Davis is pretty and extremely nice. She is very like her mother, who looks like her sister, so far as age is concerned. At the Garden Party last week mother and daughter were much admired. Miss Julia Watson Davis is over to have a good time, and her capacity for the enjoyment of it is great. She is clever and, like her mother, possesses the rare gift of personal magnetism. She will certainly help to cement the Anglo-



ENGAGED TO MR. CLUTHA MACKENZIE: MISS DORIS AGNES SAWYER.

Miss Doris Agnes Sawyer, whose engagement to Mr. Clutha Mackenzie, son of the Hon. Sir Thomas Mackenzie, K.C.M.G., High Commissioner for New Zealand, has been announced, is the daughter of Mr. Harcourt Sawyer, of Springhill, Windsor Forest.—(Photograph by Bassano.)

American friendship, and, it may be, further our Anglo-American alliances. Who knows?

Blanche, Countess of Airlie, is one of our grand old women—a link with the palmiest time in the Victorian era. Her mother, the late Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, was one of the pioneers of higher education for women, a friend of Lord Palmerston, and the centre of a circle of brilliant people of her time. Blanche, Lady Airlie is eighty-nine, and, although needing some support, is able to be about occasionally. She was not, as has been stated, at the wedding of Lieut.-Colonel Oliver to Lady Kathleen Stanley. Her daughter, Lady Blanche Hozier, who affects a style of dress not unlike that adopted many years ago and consistently kept to by her mother, was taken for her,

though how anyone could suspect Lady Blanche, handsome, alert, and active, of eighty-nine years, it is difficult to conjecture. Blanche, Lady Airlie, was at a wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, not many weeks ago.

A. E. L.

Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., the Chairman of the "Sanitas" Company, Ltd., and who was one of the founders of the Institute of Chemistry, is preparing for early publication, by Messrs. Baillière, Tindall and Cox, London, an abridged "Popular Chemical Dictionary" in one volume. Apart from the educative value of such a production, including its use in schools and public libraries, it should be of great service as a work of reference to chemists, to brokers, dealers, and business men generally. Innumerable articles find concise description in the book.

Many of our readers will no doubt be interested in a new periodical, called the "Esthonian Review," the first number of which it was arranged to publish on July 25.

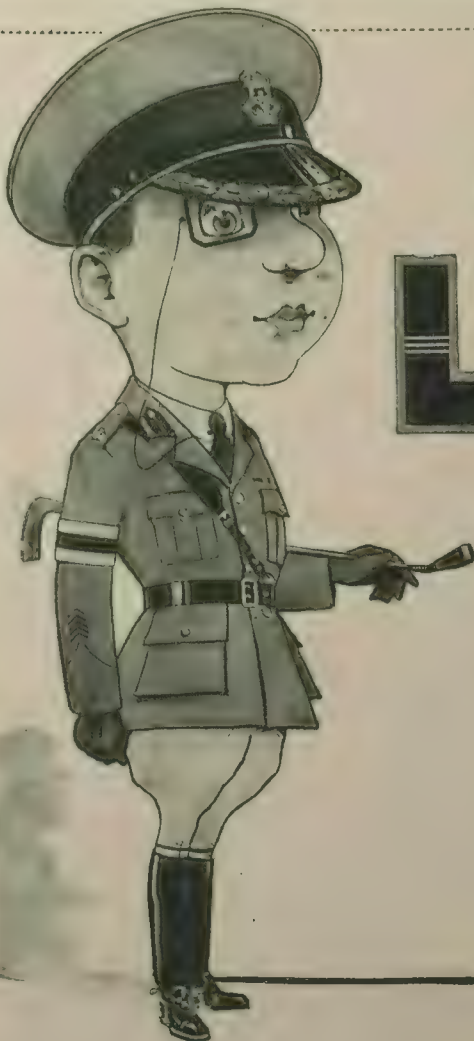
The object of the review, which is of a semi-political, commercial, and literary character, is to establish closer friendship between Great Britain and Esthonia. It has enlisted the services of leading writers, and deals with the progressive topics of the day. The publication is under the joint editorship of Mr. A. Stanley Grimm and Mr. R. Stanley Edwards-Scott. Esthonia, it will be remembered, is one of the Baltic provinces, and its troops have for a long time been making gallant headway against the Bolshevik forces in Russia.



A BRIDE-TO-BE: MISS MARY MORLEY.

Miss Mary Morley is the only daughter of the late Mr. Charles Morley and Mrs. Morley, of Shockerwick, near Bath. Her engagement to Major C. P. J. Layard, M.C., R.G.A., eldest son of the late Sir Charles Peter Layard and Lady Layard, of the Grey House, Langton Green, Kent, has just been announced.

Photograph by Vandyk.



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Light. Dark. Extra Dark & Toney Red

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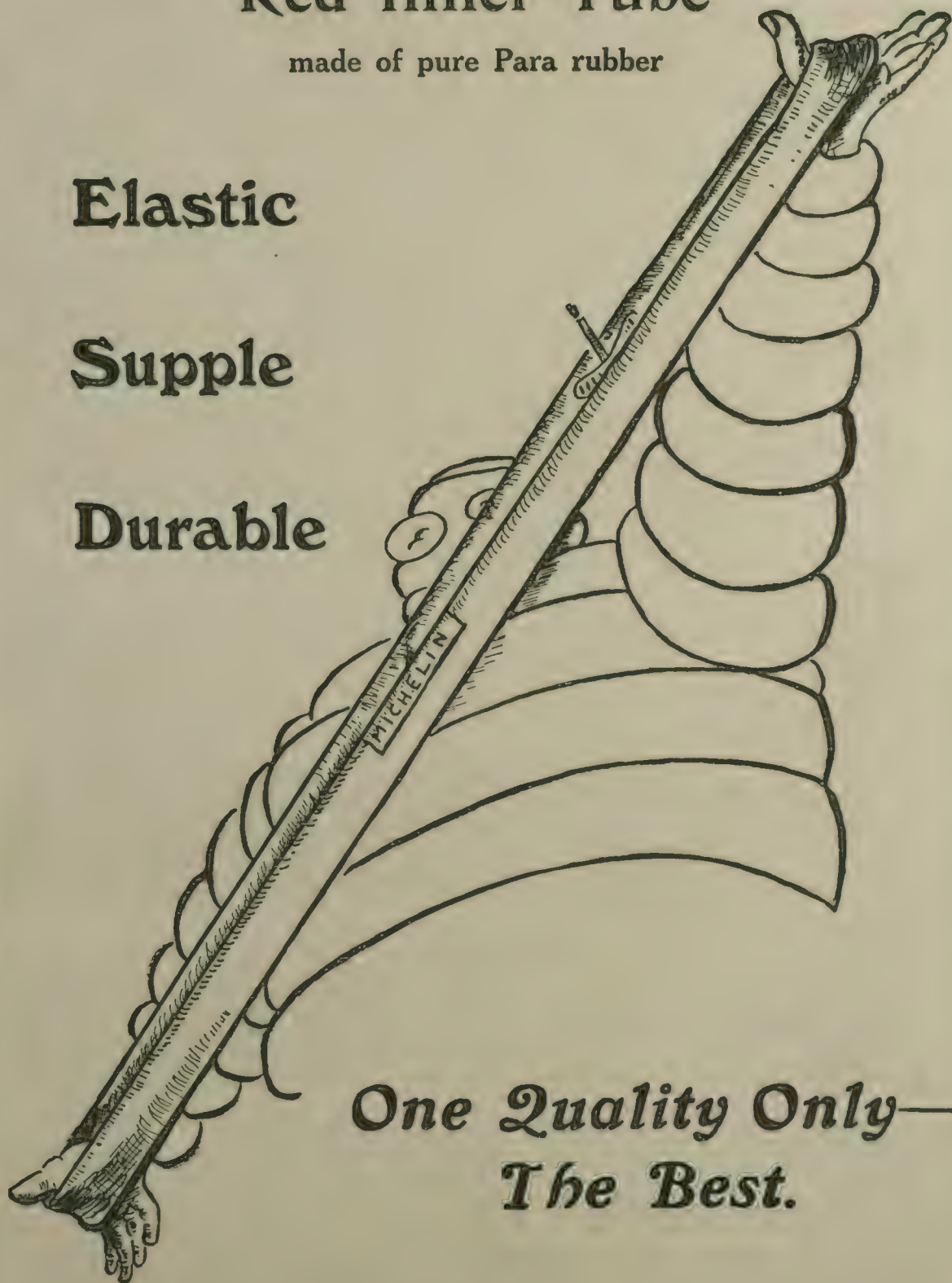
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made of pure Para rubber

Elastic

Supple

Durable



*One Quality Only—
The Best.*

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

FASHIONABLE AND UNFASHIONABLE DRUGS.

MOST people know that, in drugs as in dress, there are constant changes of fashion, and for much the same reason in both cases. As in dress it is charitable to suppose that the perpetual change noticeable in the form and material of ladies' garments is dictated by the desire on the part of those responsible for its introduction to discover something more becoming to themselves or their patrons, so the "exhibition" of new medicaments is due to the ever-present wish of the prescriber to hit upon some drug more beneficial to the patient than the last. Without this feeling, medicine would cease to be a progressive art, and we should drop back into the practice of Diafoirus, who in full seventeenth century followed the prescriptions of Hippocrates and Galen. Some, but not all, of these have stood the test of time and are still recognised as efficacious; while many more have gradually been supplanted by drugs unknown to our ancestors, or by others whose better preparation is due to the better knowledge of their defects and qualities. How far this cause influences the consumption of patent or so-called secret remedies might be hard to say; but there can be no doubt about its prevalence in hospital practice, where the patient neither knows what drug he is taking nor has any choice in its selection.

On this account, the figures lately presented by Dr. Grimbart, Professor of the Ecole Supérieure de Pharmacie de Paris, to the Académie de Médecine are most instructive. Following the ancient and laudable tradition of the Chair, M. Grimbart gives a table of the drugs supplied to the Central Pharmacy of Hospitals from the years 1907 to 1917 inclusive. It is not absolutely complete, because in a few cases he has been obliged to stop at 1914, the outbreak of the war having made the import of certain foreign drugs difficult or impossible. On the whole, however, it affords us a fair means of comparison, and from it we are able to say with reasonable certainty which old and new drugs are in vogue at the present day. Among these are many of those used most frequently and in the greatest quantity such as rhubarb, senna, salts of soda



Let's Dance

RAEMAEEKERS' PEACE PICTURE: A CELEBRATION MENU BY THE BELGIAN ARTIST.

M. Louis Raemaekers put his grim satire behind him for peace celebration, and produced the above charming and hopeful political peace drawing. It was used as a menu cover for the gala dinners at Claridge's, the Berkeley and Savoy; and the original, which was subsequently sold by auction at the Savoy for the disabled soldiers, realised 275 guineas.

and magnesia, bismuth, silver, and antimony—the consumption of which has hardly varied during the last twenty years. Then come others nearly as well known,

including different preparations of opium and quinine, cod-liver oil, sulphur, and the iodide and bromide of potassium; these, once fashionable, have fallen from their high estate, and are now taken in half, or less than half, their former quantity. Others, like cantharides, once much in use for blisters and other purposes, have pretty well ceased to be administered; while yet others, among which are caffeine (the active principle of coffee) and theobromine (that of its rival, cocoa), have either recovered their former popularity or have been steadily mounting in favour. This is particularly the case with theobromine, the consumption of which in the Parisian hospitals has increased from 28 kilos in 1896 to 175 kilos in 1914. Among external remedies of this class, the different preparations of iodine are notable, as is mustard flour, the quantity of both having doubled during the sixteen years.

All these, however, are what may be called old-fashioned remedies. Among the new, those most familiar to the general reader will be aspirine, the use of which has increased threefold during ten years, and has almost entirely supplanted that of the once-fashionable antipyrine; veronal, which has performed the same office for the earlier sulphonal and trional; ten different lactic ferments, and what are called opothropic remedies, such as extract of thyroid gland, and the metals in a colloid state. Many of these are, no doubt, still in the experimental stage, yet their use seems to be increasing; while to them must be added urotropine, now much prescribed for the gouty, and codeine, a newly discovered "principle" of the poppy. Among these, too, figure several new anaesthetics, such as stovaine and novocaine, which seem on the high road to popularity in France. The older antiseptics, corrosive sublimate, boric acid, permanganate of potash, and the like—seem to be declining rapidly in popularity, their place being now taken, in hospital practice at any rate, by formol.

We should not, however, lose sight of what M. Grimbart calls by their English name of "simples," meaning thereby such old-world preparations as tisanes or diet-drinks, gargles, and infusions. The French have always been celebrated for the concoction of these, and their consumption, even in hospitals,

(Continued overleaf.)



URODONAL

SEVEN is a number which has a peculiar significance in Life. We come across this number at every turn and in every connection. In the Seven ages of man, the Seven decades in the allotted span of life; in each of these

there are pitfalls to be avoided in our search for Health and our efforts to maintain a healthy state of body. Further, be it noted, that a healthy and rational state of mind is impossible without its co-partner, a healthy state of body. In other words, "Mens sana in corpore sano."

The human body cannot become or remain healthy if the kidneys (whose function it is to drain the system of its impurities) are clogged by the presence of uric acid crystals and all the toxins and obstructions which injure the renal tissue. The liver cannot be clean, the blood cannot be pure, the arteries cannot be supple; in a word the whole bodily frame cannot be in a healthy and normal state while the system is clogged by this accumulation of uric acid.

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Numerous experiments have proved the great efficacy of URODONAL and have established its constant action. Eminent Members of the French Medical Faculty, as well as of other countries, have duly recognised the therapeutic value of URODONAL, which has likewise obtained the sanction of many leading members of the English Medical Profession.

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"SHOLIN" cleans as new, is cool, and as practical as it is dainty. Made up into shoes that are the newest in design, and have the Manfield style and finish to set them off.

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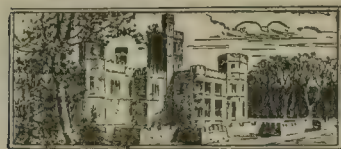
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Babywear, Layettes, Cots, etc.

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(Facing Selfridge's)

Continued.

shows no signs of falling off. Foremost among them is liquorice-root, of which no less than 26,000 kilos were consumed in the year 1913 alone. There follow infusions of the leaves of several plants, such as hops, tea, eucalyptus, buchu, orange-tree, and mint; and of the flowers of camomile, elders, arnica, maté; and the roots of guimauve, sarsaparilla and Iceland moss. Such simple remedies continue to be prescribed in France by those who are not unjustly called princes of science; and might, perhaps, repay here more attention than they receive in general practice.

F. L.

"NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR."

IN Vol. XXIII, of "Nelson's History of the War" (Thomas Nelson and Sons), Colonel Buchan approaches the completion of his monumental task. The general title of the volume is "The Dawn," and the opening chapter is called "The Turn of the Tide." In the next the author reviews the situation as a whole at the beginning of the fourth year of the war. Then follows an account of the last battles of the Somme, Arras, and the Aisne, carrying the tale of events on the Western Front down to the end of September 1918. At this point the author turns aside to trace the campaign in the Balkans that led to the capitulation of Bulgaria, and the triumphant onset of General Allenby against the Turks in Palestine, which, with the advance of General Marshall in Mesopotamia, caused the surrender of Turkey. In the last chapter of the volume, "The Breaking of the German Defences," he returns to the West, and carries the story of the final advance of the Allies under Foch to the battle of Oct. 8-10, 1918, which dealt the death-blow to the remnant of Germany's military power. As usual, Colonel Buchan has marshalled his facts into a clear and readable narrative, illustrated by numerous maps and plans. The Appendices contain the relevant despatches and the text of the two Armistice conventions signed with Turkey and Bulgaria.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BANTAM V.C." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

THOSE playwrights of ours whose strength is local colour are inclined to lose their balance when they discard this support. Mr. Harold Brighouse is a case in point: in "Hobson's Choice" he proved himself capable of writing satirical farce which was effective, but effective largely through the agency of Lancashire dialect and what might be presumed to be Lancashire types. This time he has left the speech and folk of the northern shire behind him, and with them seems also to have lost the high spirits and pace of farce. There are several amusing ideas in "The Bantam V.C.," but they have not been fitted together well, and he has not been careful to make his action race along so fast as to allow his audience no time to notice the lack of sequence and craftsmanship. The notion of a V.C. who, as head of a drapery establishment, has a dread of girls, and yet wants to be known as a dashing blade, is quite a good starting point for fun. The subsidiary devices—his inventing an affair of gallantry, his inviting friends to meet the imaginary heroine of it, his taking of a flat at a moment's notice, a police-raid on the flat in search of food-hoarders, the choice of a chorus-girl to assist in his deception, the arrest of the V.C. for robbing his own safe—all these details ought to be amusing, and, indeed, are to a large extent. But there are intervals during which the fun slows down; there is a good deal of dialogue which is far from pungent; and a dream episode in which comically horrible things happen is not dovetailed neatly enough into the general scheme. The best hope for the piece would be a stern managerial ukase ordering that everything else must be sacrificed to break-neck speed. Then the nervousness of Mr. Reginald Purdell as hero, the vivacity of Miss Dorothy Brunton as chorus-girl, the geniality of Miss Rose Edouin as a comfort-loving old dame, and some clever character-acting from Miss Muriel Pope and Mr. Thomas Weguelin would have a fairer chance of seeming as entertaining as they deserve to be reckoned.

SOME NOVELS OF TO-DAY.

"The Ace of Spades."

rather with the late Victorians than with the later less orthodox young men, and to our mind it is a refreshment to return for once to a plot that is complete with murder, mystery, love interest, and the blended flavour of society and politics. When Nikko Thwayte wrote a message that might appear to incriminate him on an ace of spades, and left it for the casual blackmailer to pounce upon, he did, for a shrewd and rising lawyer, an uncommonly idiotic thing; but Mr. Crawford Fraser emphasises his disturbance of mind, and plays the entry of the butler with his news of disaster exactly as it should be played, and with the skill to be expected from a writer bearing his names. "The Ace of Spades," we are told, was written on sick leave. It shows no trace of the author's debility; on the contrary, the story is handled with much vigour and briskness, and the lively manipulation of many characters in many vivid scenes is carried through with unflagging energy.

"The Avalanche." The Californian setting that Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has used for so much of her best work is again employed in "The Avalanche" (John Murray); but it must be confessed that the scenery is better than the story. True, the mystery baffles us until the last chapter, and this is as it should be; but the behaviour of Price Ruyler, on whose account a certain scandal is hushed up, is by no means convincing. The first steps that lead him to confide his suspicions to the detective are really not credible. Still, perhaps husbands are made after this odd pattern in San Francisco, where society, according to Mrs. Atherton, is very rich, very gay, and very much under the high heels of a pack of beautiful women. Doremus, the blackmailer, is a predatory type to be found in any reckless and pleasure-seeking circle.

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Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. For thirty-two page skin book or address: T. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 47, Chancery House Bq., London. Also for mail orders with price. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

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Arms and Pedigrees of English and Foreign Families.

Genealogical Researches in Public Records. PEDIGREES ENGROSSED AND EMBLAZONED. Seals, Rings, Dies, Book-plates (ex-libris) Engraved. ARMORIAL STAINED GLASS. MEMORIAL TABLETS. Sketches and Designs for all purposes.

The "Children's Den"

A PERFECT playhouse for the children—or can be used as Garden House, Week-end Bungalow, Music Room, etc. Has ample light and air, is most attractive in design, and is strongly constructed of serviceable and reliable materials. Made in sections for easy re-erection.

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BROWNE & LILLY Ltd.,
Manufacturers & Exporters,
Thames Side, Reading.

Hindes HAIR TINT
Known as "SEEGEROL"
For GREY or FADED HAIR

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark brown, light brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle.

2/6 per Bottle.
Chemists, Stores, and Hairdressers, or direct from

HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, LONDON.

MR. A. J. WILSON writes: "I am able to say emphatically that the 'Duco' Spring Gaiters are a pronounced success. I would not have a car without them."

Sold by all Garages and Motor Dealers.

DUCO SPRING GAITERS

Protect and lubricate the Leaf Springs, so that the car rides easily and smoothly over the roughest of roads. Price from 10/6 each.

The "Duco" Booklet sent post free on request.

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Gt. Eastern Street, London, E.C.2.

Showrooms: 15, Newman St., W.1.

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**Mrs. ADAIR'S
GANESH EASTERN
MUSCLE OIL**

The greatest skin food and muscle producer in the world; it *makes the skin fresh and healthy* by producing the muscles and feeding the tissues. The cause of lined, withered skins and tired eyes is the shrinking of the muscles and the wasting of the tissues, which makes the skin hang loose. Price £1 15s. 6d., £1 1s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 5s. 6d. No one should ever neglect to have the marvellous preparations brought from the East by Mrs. Adair.

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Mark. Send for Free Book

**TATCHO
The HAIR GROWER**

Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery 1/3, 2/9, 4/6

**HOT WATER
Instantly
NIGHT
or DAY**

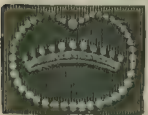


nurse "What! Bath all ready?"
BABY—I turned on the water by myself.
LITTLE GIRL—And I lit the geyser, it's quite safe!

EWART'S GEYSERS.
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MOST WONDERFUL REPRODUCTION.
IMITATION IN
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ANIB TO SUIT YOUR HAND

ALL ADMIRE MYERS' PENS

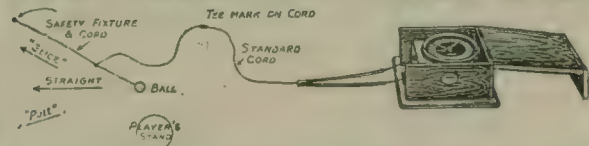
"THE PENS THAT GLIDE"

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THE "IMPACTOR" GOLF MACHINE.



THE MOST
WONDERFUL
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An instructive machine, thought out by experts and manufactured by Messrs. Barr & Stroud, the world-famed makers of precision instruments. In addition to its merits as a guide to golf practice, the public is offered an entirely novel and fascinating game of Golf, which can be played in a limited space.

Survey Charts of Courses have been specially adapted to a suitable scale, by means of which competitive games can be played on board ship, in the club-house, in a fair-sized room, or on the lawn.

"The Impactor" is a real boon to the novice, while it proves an invaluable aid to the Experienced Golfer when "Off his game." The professional, too, will find it of value when demonstrating to pupils their faults. TESTED BY MANY WELL-KNOWN GOLFERS.

"After giving the 'Impactor' Golf Machine a very sound trial I was much struck with all its virtues. I tried very hard to beat it in many ways, in different shots, but it records it correctly. I think the 'Impactor' has a big future before it."

Complete Machine, 10 Guineas. Chart Gauge and Chart of Course, 2 Guineas.

The "Impactor" is compactly fitted into a handsome case, and the size and weight are such that the entire machine can be carried easily in the hand.

Write for Booklet showing How to Play a Golf Match Without a Golf Course.
THE BRITISH "IMPACTOR," Ltd., 20, Renfrew Street, Glasgow.

Watchmakers. Established 1851.

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FRONT ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE.

SCREW IN SILVER CASE £4 4 0 & £5 5 0
EVERY WATCH WARRANTED
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Please write for Special List of Accessories for the Front.

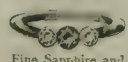
We give Highest Prices for Old Jewellery—Gold & Silver.



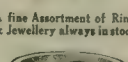
Fine Brilliant and Sapphire Twin Ring, £14 14 0



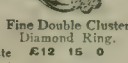
Fine Brilliant Ring, Open Circle Setting, £12 15 0



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A fine Assortment of Rings & Jewellery always in stock.



Fine Double Cluster Diamond Ring, £12 15 0

ALARM WATCH

The Alarm will arouse the Heaviest Sleeper.



Luminous Alarm Watch. Perfect Timekeeper.
The back of the case is arranged for standing on table in slanting position. Every Watch Guaranteed.

Sterling Silver 'ALARM' watch white dial, £8 5 0
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The New Victory Brooch, with Badge representing any Regiment, Solid Gold, £2 10 0
The same brooch without badge, 9s.

S. SMITH & SON LTD. ESTD 1851
HOLDERS OF A ROYAL WARRANT
WATCHMAKERS TO THE ADMIRALTY.
6, GRAND HOTEL BLDG.,
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PLAYER'S Navy Cut Tobacco

Packed in varying degrees of strength to suit every class of smoker.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut - PER OZ.
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Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths MILD AND MEDIUM.

MILD (Gold Leaf) 100 for 5/4; 50 for 2/8
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JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

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has no rival as a pure and delicious thirst quencher, and is greatly appreciated by people of taste and discrimination. The essence of the fresh fruit, bottled in absolute purity.

Always order IDRIS Lemon Squash or Lime Juice Cordial

Can be obtained of Grocers, Chemists and Wine Merchants.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge FOR
CONSTIPATION
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON
67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S. E.
Sold by all Chemists, 3/- a box.



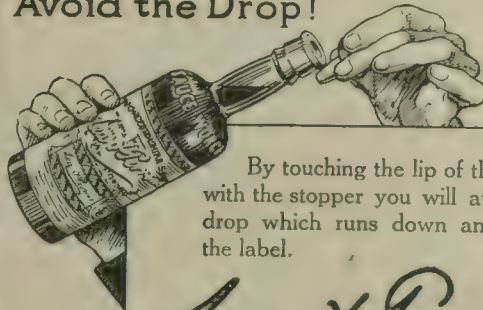
All Chemists, 3/- & 7/-

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., LTD.
19, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AIRMEN, NURSES,
TRAVEL IN COMFORT.
The only proved Remedy for
SEA AND TRAIN SICKNESS
is
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY.

Guaranteed to Prevent and Cure
or Money Refunded

"Avoid the Drop!"



By touching the lip of the bottle with the stopper you will avoid the drop which runs down and stains the label.

Lea & Perrins

GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

The Isle of Skye Liqueur.

A Link with the '45.

DRAMBUIE

THE recipe of this much-prized SCOTCH LIQUEUR was given to one of the Mackinnons of Skye by a Highland gentleman in the bodyguard of Prince Charles as a souvenir for Mackinnon's assistance in aiding the Prince to escape capture. Its secret has been carefully preserved and the manufacture has been carried on by successive members of the Mackinnon family ever since the '45.

It is a delightful liqueur, rich and mellow in flavour. It has long held the post of honour on the tables of the oldest and best known of the great West Highland families.

Ask for it at your Restaurant or Hotel.

It can be had in bottles, cases (12 bottles), or half-cases from all good-class Wine Merchants. Failing this please apply to the proprietors for name of nearest Agents.

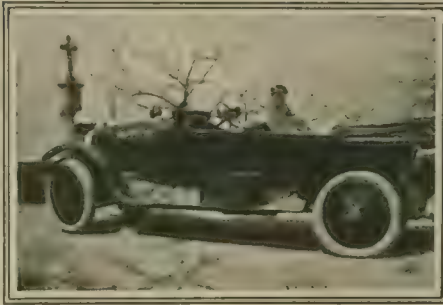


THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 8, Union Street, EDINBURGH.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Import
Duty to Remain.

The Government have decided that the import duty of 33 1-3 per cent. on foreign cars is to remain in force until May 1 next. Without expressing any opinion as to whether this should be a permanent impost or not—to do so would be to open up a discussion on policy which would be out of place—I imagine that most people will agree that this is a wise and proper measure. The British motor industry has been handicapped by the exigencies of the war situation to an extent probably far greater than that of any of the Allied nations, and is finding it correspondingly difficult to get back to its normal peace work. How difficult is the task may be judged in some small measure by the delays now being experienced in the delivery of new cars. It may not be literally true to say that not a single post-war model car has yet been delivered in this country from any British motor works, but it is near enough to the truth to pass without challenge. Personally, I do not know anyone who has yet succeeded in securing a delivery of a new car, and I am further certain that all the cars which will be delivered in time for their



FROM THE NEUTRAL ZONE: A VAUXHALL MOTOR.

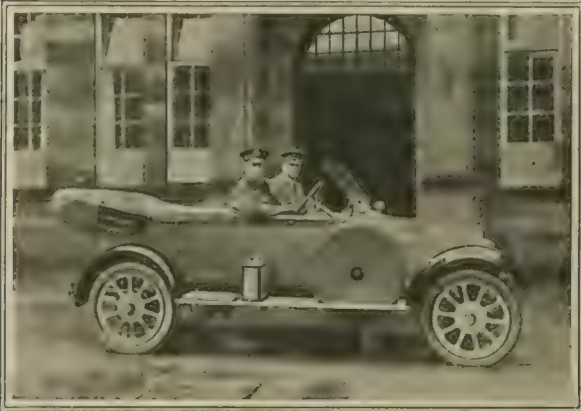
The accompanying photograph was sent by an officer of the Army of Occupation to Vauxhall Motors, Ltd. He writes: "The photograph was taken in the 'neutral zone'—i.e., the 10-km. strip of country lying outside the Cologne bridgehead. You will notice that the car is travelling under cover of a white flag. It was the first Army Vauxhall to visit this area. The car has seen a good deal of service, and is still doing 80 miles a day without any serious trouble."

Apart, therefore, from all questions of tariff or no tariff, it is reasonably clear that the British industry needs a measure of protection from foreign competition at least until it has had time to turn round and complete its reorganisation for the work of peace. Nothing less is due to it for the magnificent contribution it made to the work of winning the war. What is to happen after the period of reconstruction is at an end is a matter which must be discussed later.

The "Roads
Advisory
Committee."

The Ways and Communications Bill has now passed its third reading in the Commons, and, unless the Bill is drastically amended in the Lords, the highway interests are delivered bound hand and foot into the hands of the proposed new Ministry. In Committee an amendment was passed setting up a Roads Advisory Committee, to advise the Minister on all matters pertaining to the highways. As this Committee was to have the power to report to Parliament, it looked as though it might prove a useful substitute for the Ministry of Highways for which there has been an agitation. During the debate on the Third Reading, however, a Government amendment was passed reducing the Roads Advisory Committee to

(Continued overleaf.)



A FAMOUS 'AIRMAN AND HIS CAR: SIR JOHN ALCOCK MOTORING.

This 10-h.p. four-seater Humber car is the property of Captain Sir John Alcock, K.B.E., D.S.C., the pilot of the aeroplane which flew the Atlantic. He is seen at the wheel, and next to him is Capt. Sir Arthur Whitten Brown, K.B.E., who was his navigator in the great flight. The photograph was taken outside the offices of the Humber Works, at Coventry.

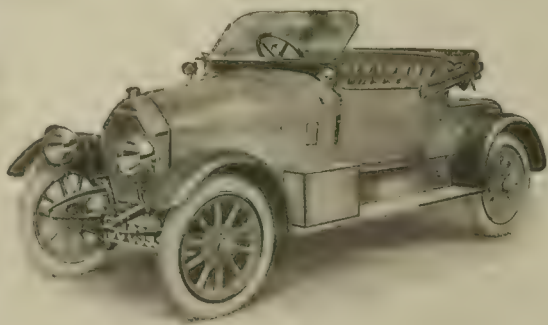
new owners to use them during the holiday season would not fill a good-sized garage. In fact, I cannot see how real production of cars is going to be attained before the early months of 1920, if then.

Other countries are much farther advanced in their preparations. In particular, America could send any amount of cars were there no restrictions on import; and she could hopelessly undersell us at the moment if it were not for the duty.



PRACTISING FOR A RACE: A CROSSLEY CAR.

Our photograph shows a handsome Crossley car, with a competitor practising for the Obstacle Race in the recent Naval and Military Tournament. It has all the latest features of its special class and the characteristics of the Crossley productions, which have made them so extremely popular.



TO THE OWNER-DRIVER

THE Humber Car makes a strong appeal. Light, yet sturdy; speedy, with well upholstered body, possessed of a distinctively high exterior finish, and an engine that promptly exceeds its rated power when emergencies arise. The smooth-running efficiency of the Humber is one of its most notable assets; and riding comfort is at its maximum. Its freedom from complications makes it essentially the car for the owner-driver.

Equipped complete with Electric Lighting Set and Self-starter ready for the road.

Humber

HUMBER LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS - - - COVENTRY.
LONDON { Show Rooms - 32 HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.1.
AND DISTRICT { Repair Works - CANTERBURY ROAD, KILBURN, N.W.6
SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT: 25/27, LONDON ROAD, SOUTHAMPTON.



DARRACQ

POLICY:

VALUE FOR MONEY

AND

CONFIDENCE OF OUR CLIENTS

Particulars of the 1919 Models
will be published at an early date

In the meantime, we trust agents and prospective customers appreciate our attitude during the period of the War, also the fact that in the change-over of our Works from the manufacture of Aero-engines, Aero-planes, etc., to motor-cars, we have refrained from publishing any details or giving dates of delivery until we are confident that we are in a position to fulfil our promises.

THE DARRACQ MOTOR ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,

Townmead Road, Fulham, London, S.W. 6
West End Showrooms: 150, New Bond Street, W. 1



*At the
Tennis
Courts.*

SPLENDID SERVICE !

One of many "vantages" "scored" by the
motorist who fits "CLINCHERS" every time.

North British

"CLINCHER"

Regd. TRADE MARK.

Motor TYRES

*The North British Rubber Co., Ltd.,
Edinburgh, London and Branches.*

Continued.
a mere husk and taking away its power to lay its reports before Parliament. The position will be that all its reports will be made to the Minister of Ways and Communications, who will have it completely in his discretion to act upon them or ignore their advice as he pleases. As these reports will be confidential, no one will be able to ask awkward

championship from them. Motoring does not seem altogether happy in its representation.

The British Magneto.

Before the war, practically all magnetos used in this country were obtained from abroad. The war, while tremendously increasing the demand for magnetos, completely stopped the importation; but British manufacturers stepped into the breach, and, in spite of the many difficulties involved in the necessarily intricate processes of manufacture, quickly succeeded in producing magnetos superior to the imported article. The satisfactory supply of the huge war demand for magnetos for aeroplanes, airships, and motor-cars, and the fact that they had to comply with an exceedingly high standard of reliability, especially for aerial service, have demonstrated the triumphant superiority of the British product. A few days ago, the coping-stone was placed on the achievement of British magneto manufacturers by the arrival home after the first double voyage across the Atlantic of the R 34. The R 34's Sunbeam engines

are fitted with magnetos made in Coventry by the British Thomson-Houston Company.

Our Commercial Relations with Brazil.

Recently, a visit was paid to the Wolseley Works at Birmingham by the Brazilian Commercial Delegation, who are visiting this country with a view to facilitating commercial relations between the Brazilian Republic and the British

Empire. The delegates present were Dr. Manoel Carvalho de Britto (Senator for Minas-Geraes); Dr. Souza Bandeira, M.I.C.E.; Senhor Jose Adonias; Dr. Hannibal Porto (Brazilian Food Controller); Senhor Felis Guisard; Dr. Roberto Simonsen; Dr. Ferreira Almeida; and Senhor Carneiro (Commercial Attaché to the Brazilian Delegation in London); and they were accompanied by several officials of the Federation of British Industries.

On arrival in Birmingham the delegation was received at the Council House by the Lord Mayor (Alderman Sir David Brooks), after which the party proceeded to the Ward End Works of Wolseley Motors, Ltd. A tour was made of the car-construction department, the cartridge shops, and the Timken bearing department. The cars were then requisitioned again, and the entire party proceeded to the Adderley Park Works, where a complete inspection was made of the various processes comprising the manufacture of Wolseley cars. The commission

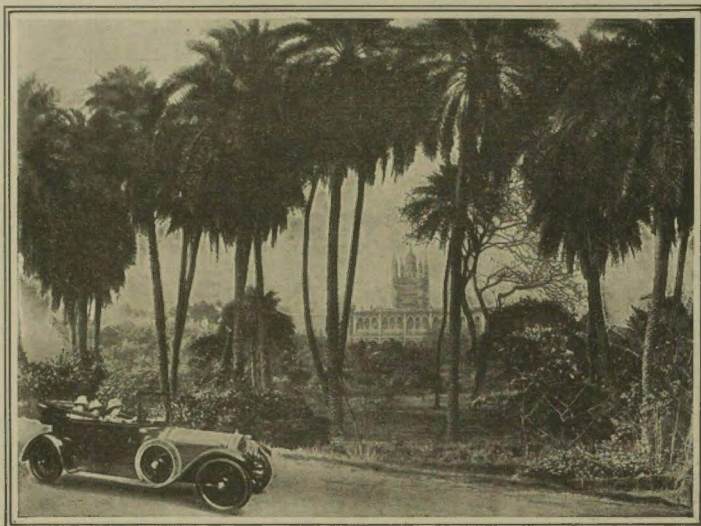
(Continued overleaf.)



AND A FIAT TANK! A PICTURESQUE MISSION.

On the occasion of the signing of the Peace Treaty, the Empress Tzanditu of Abyssinia sent an autograph message to the King of Italy congratulating him on the victory of the Italian Armies. After being officially received, the Mission made a tour of leading Italian industrial centres. At Turin they were much interested in motor-car production at the big Fiat and other works. Prince Degiosmac headed the Mission, and was accompanied by Messrs. Ghetaceu, Menghescia, Asdag Deghefe, Ato Alamon, and Ato Donchri.

questions. It seems to me that the Committee will be almost valueless for the conservation of highway interests; and why the Motor Legislation Committee should prate of what can be accomplished by "well-organised Parliamentary opposition, ably directed and led," passes comprehension. In a communication sent out to the Press, this Committee expresses the hope that the House of Lords will carry the amendments which the Commons dared not press to a division. Why the large number of Members of the House whose names are allied to the Motor Legislation Committee did not accomplish what they are now asking the Lords to do I really do not know. I daresay it might be possible to form an idea. By the way, I notice that during the debate on the retention of the import duties it was left to Major Kelley to speak up for the British industry. It is really pertinent to ask what had become of the motor party in the House, and why there was no word of



THE PRACTICAL AND THE PICTURESQUE: A NAPIER IN MADRAS.

This beautiful view will be of special interest to men lately demobilised from service in India. It shows through the trees the picturesque Chephank Palace, Madras. In the foreground is a Napier car. This model has been found particularly suitable for the climatic and road conditions in India.

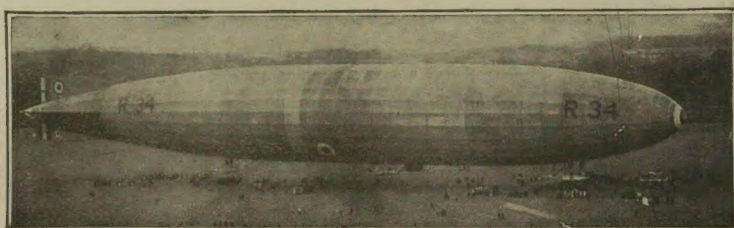
First across the Atlantic

The NC4
was fitted with
ZENITH
Carburettors

convincing proof of
reliability
& efficiency

Send for booklet.

ZENITH CARBURETTER CO., LTD.,
40-42, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.1.
Telephone: REGENT 4812-4813.



R 34
THE FIRST
AIRSHIP TO MAKE AN OUT-
AND-HOME FLIGHT ACROSS
THE ATLANTIC

is fitted with five
"MAORI" TYPE 12-CYL. 275-H.P.

SUNBEAM-COATALEN
AIRCRAFT ENGINES

This flight gives abundant testimony to
SUNBEAM EFFICIENCY.

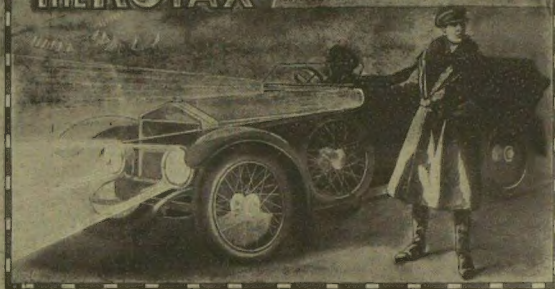
THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
Contractors to the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry,
WOLVERHAMPTON.



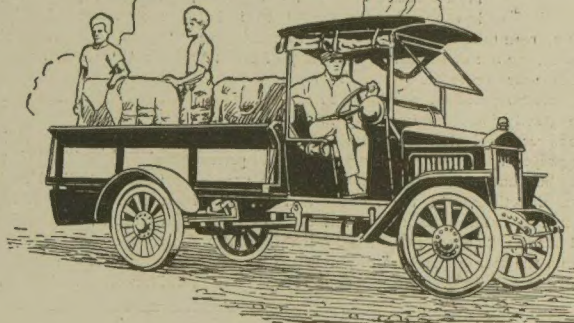
The light of old,
When knights were bold,
Was a resined torch and a flint
The light of to-day
Is the 'ROTAX' way,
A dynamo starter and switch.

THE ROTAX

MOTOR ACCESSORIES CO., LTD.
Willesden Junction, LONDON, N.W.10.



DENBY
MOTOR LORRIES



The Secret of Denby Success

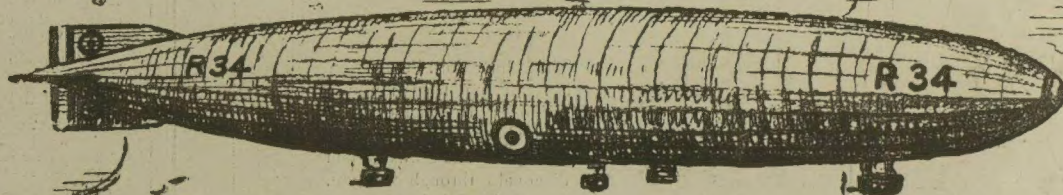
A THOUSAND and one details, only apparent as the user better knows his lorry, contribute to Denby superiority. Most ton-miles per gallon is fast becoming a slogan of an army of Denby users in every clime under as many different haulage conditions.

Load capacities : 1, 2, 2½, 3½, 5 tons.

DENBY MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY

Export Department, Singer Building, New York, U.S.A.

Cable Address: "Dentrux"



The first Airship to cross the Atlantic—Naval Airship, R. 34—was equipped with Sunbeam-Coatalen engines fitted with

B.T.-H. Magnetos

B.T.-H. Magnetos were used on the aeroplanes which won the first and second prizes in the Aerial Derby.

B.T.-H. Magnetos were used on the aeroplanes which secured the British altitude record.

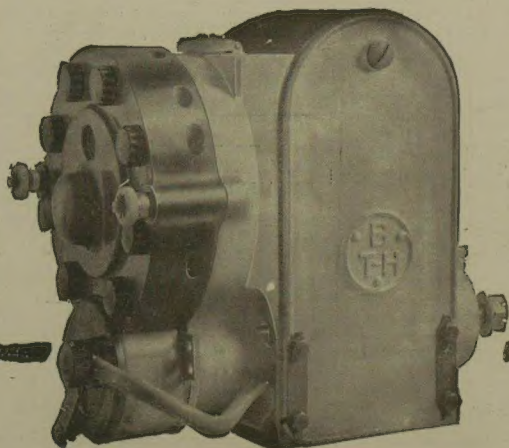
B.T.-H. Magnetos have a high reputation amongst pilots for endurance and reliability.

B.T.-H. Magnetos are all-British—in design and workmanship.

The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.

Electrical Engineers and Manufacturers,
Lower Ford Street, Coventry, England.

Member of the British Ignition Apparatus Association.



Continued.
were greatly impressed by the up-to-date methods and organisation obtaining in the Wolseley factories, and were loud in the expression of their admiration. After being entertained to lunch by the directors, they departed for Redditch in a fleet of Wolseley cars placed at their disposal by the company.

Comprehensive Legal Defence for Motorists.

The motorists' Free Legal Defence and Advice scheme, of which the Automobile Association was the pioneer, has now been extended to include free legal representation by the Association's solicitors in civil cases arising out of the use or ownership of privately owned motor-cars or motor-cycles. This new departure comes at a most opportune time when the ranks of motorists are being greatly increased from day to day by persons who have never previously owned a motor vehicle, and who are often preyed upon by the unscrupulous. The present period is abundant with opportunities for sharp practice in various directions, and the number and variety of disputes now before the Association strikingly emphasise the legal maxim "*Caveat emptor*." Breach of contract arising from the sale or purchase of motor-cars or motor-cycles, disputes with repairers, damage by carriers,

liabilities of garage and hotel proprietors, and, generally speaking, any matters not covered by insurance are being dealt with under this extension; but the scales will be held evenly, and it is a *sine qua non* that in giving its support the Association will consider every case in both its legal and moral aspects. In addition, the Association defends its members and their paid drivers on any police-court summonses arising out of the use or ownership of a motor vehicle, provides free conduct of appeals where unsettled points of law or principles of importance to motorists are involved; pays half legal expenses in any approved appeal against decisions of county court judges, local benches, or police-court magistrates which may be unjust to the motorist; and prosecutes in such highway offences as stone-throwing, malicious damage, assault, etc.

Items of Interest.

Messrs. S. Smith and Sons (M.A.), Ltd., tell me that their branch managers from Australia, New Zealand, Italy, Siam, and Scandinavia are at present in London considering post-war problems connected with their extensive business, and at the same time are negotiating with various firms throughout the country for sole representation of their goods abroad. Messrs. S. Smith and Sons (M.A.), Ltd., are still open to

undertake several additional sole agencies, and manufacturers interested will be well advised to get in touch with their export department at 179-185, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. W. W.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and Fifty-four (from January 4 to June 28, 1919) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London, W.C.2

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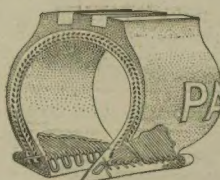
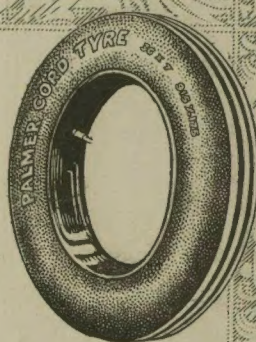
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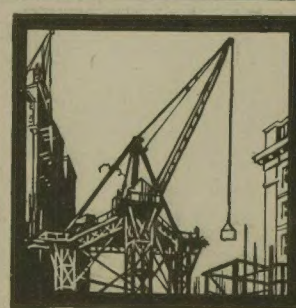
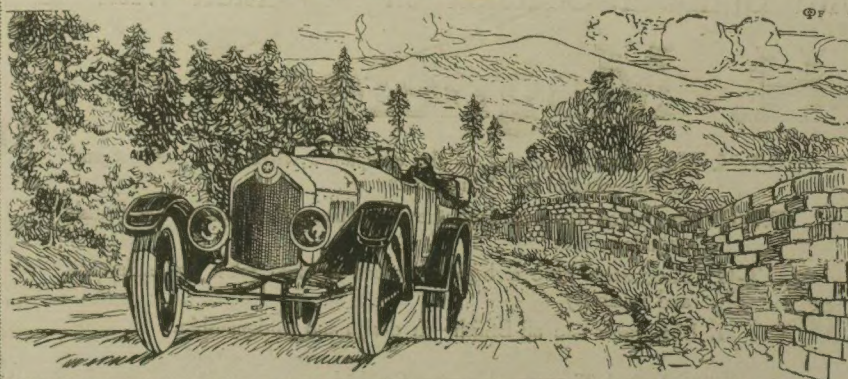
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